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READING THE LETTER.

Is there peace in the heart of my lady?
  Is there peace in the words we may trace
As we peer o'er the ivory shoulder,
  Or read off the eloquent face?
Alas! that so radiant a beauty
  Should be bound to so grave concern,
That the flush that was meant for affection
  To the shadow of shame should turn!

Yet she reads not a line of upbraiding,
  Though she hath misused her might;
And, where she meant but to trifle,
  Hath crushed, in her own despite.
Ah! fairest of ladies, take comfort,
  Though the phrase be measured and strange,
He, loving thee once, loves for ever;
  Loves ever, and knows not change.

Yet cannot he love the unlovely;
  And his words must be fettered and cold,
Till thou hast recovered thy nature,
  And frankly hast smiled as of old;
For the outraged heart must shelter,
  And the wounded and yearning soul
Must hide even tropical passion
  'Neath the outer ice of the pole.

MY COURTSHIP.

I.

"A beauty! an heiress! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days' shooting. Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by the selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already; for I must confess that, when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues.

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal also on the way in which you keep cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy Temple chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark; indeed, the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards, lazily. "This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days' shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of,—the heiress?" said I.

"Oh, of course he did not mention her," said Fred; "and I merely tell you because, if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. "You know," he added more deliberately, "how disinterested my assistance can be after the little confidences we exchanged last night."

"True," said I, charmed with the recollection, "your pretty cousin—the secret engagement—"

"Yes," interrupted Fred; "you know all about it; and we know more about each other than most fellows; so it was natural I should think of you as a companion for my holiday, and I'm right glad you're inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, Fred left me, appointing a rendezvous at the first train leaving for our destination, some two or three hours later.

Fred Clayton and I had been schoolfellows in our early days, and many of his vacations were spent in my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in London; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the bar; but, unlike me, possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls and concerts; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in ladies' society.

Except in the mere fact that we were both younger sons without any expectations, there was but little resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in London only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for the active life of home. I might, indeed, with the assistance of Clayton, or through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations, and received partial toleration in society; but the prospect of a crush, heated rooms and strange faces, was a thought of terror to my timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a prospective martyrdom. No; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte; other talents I certainly had—deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball-room—but they were merits to develope in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth: and a thrill of joy shot through me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortable chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility, that Clayton's words had evoked. An heiress and a beauty—a country beauty, of course; blushes and simplicity, and rich—how rich? Rich enough to live on a grand estate; to keep a large stud; to dispense princely hospitality? I must ask Fred. This, however, was secondary. I would not of course acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first; love independent of fortune—

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself; but then, in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me), and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

II.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupé* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the comfort of all future travellers by lighting our cigars; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name? What is her name?" I asked.

"Effing—Miss Effing," he replied. "And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro* or *con*?"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive; at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric; but that is not the word—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing, the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing?" I inquired.

"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred, "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty; not a very grave one, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it never occurred to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future hosts. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a dog-cart was in waiting to receive us; and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's house—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged—was a large, handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well-planted trees; so much I was able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace; and on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing. I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my anxiety to produce the proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in a drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there; and the moment I saw her, I understood the failure of all former suitors; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel myself by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty, and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences, comprising minute details of the dates and even the hours at which people, long since dead, had been born—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, what appeared to me, about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing-room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers were wandering listlessly over the keys; while Fred Clayton stood before her looking through some music. Immediately a warning glance from Fred recalled to me a sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact, the young man quite interests me; I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

III.

The next morning we started early, intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions: in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared, after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part, that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually, on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah," said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself, that she cannot understand the mercenary designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit. You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows—and he would not dare *now*." He stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's constant *tete a tete* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and as the day fixed for our departure approached, I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle—if I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time—the covers all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculations, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have been admirable," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now, perceive the result; the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected. Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposal, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight?—straightforward and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency."

I looked at Fred with admiration; everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words; his very tones of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own common sense responded to the assertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way now straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright with hope.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, my mind filled with more sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in, since the beginning of my adventure.

IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few day's stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over half my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for, had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *denouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose, and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionably strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whether or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's valet stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized me, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped,

"What is it?"

"Oh, sir! don't you know?" said he—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir—bolted—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella—the two of them, and the new maid—off in a post-chaise three good hours ago. And who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever—in fact he did go on; but beyond those few first words, not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake, no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity, sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, utilized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can neither be imagined nor described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levée*; and throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering,

"I cannot tell it—I cannot; Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short, and ran as follows:

"Dear Jack—Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hoodwinked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

"Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,
"Fred Clayton."

P. S.—Bella insists on apologising; so I enclose."

There was then another epistle! I looked about; it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

"Dear Mr. Harris—I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached, and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant, that an elopement was our only refuge, and, but for your assistance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me yours, (by the time you receive this,)

"Bella 'Clayton' Effing."

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak with you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where Mr. Merrick, in a flaming red dressing-gown, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips he turned sharply round on me, and roared out—

"So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!"

"But, Mr. Merrick," I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbidden Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed!—a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable. My own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said, hotly, "such language, even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence! Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villainy has thus far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoundrel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me,—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper, I am no longer your dupe; I can see now through your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly, or I will order my servants to kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed too cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hands with the savage menace—"One word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station—that station from which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasureable emotions and ambitious hopes.

Mr. Merrick's unexpected reading of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the tool, the dupe, the catspaw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truly I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss or (Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem" unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye; and, struggle as I would, I could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup; a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humiliation as best I could, I returned to London—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before the return of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred. Clayton and his guilty accomplice.

Colonel John Mosby.

[After all the horrible accounts we had of the rebel Colonel Mosby during the war, it makes one smile to read the following, which, as we find it published in the *Anti Slavery Standard*, (*Wendell Phillips's paper*,) and the writer vouched for as a Boston lady and good authority, must be from a radical source.

The Boston lady in question is on a visit to Mosby, her acquaintance with the family being of ten years date. We extract the following from her letter:]

"Warrenton is a pretty place on the top of a high hill, and has a view of the Blue Ridge, and a beautiful rolling country between. Before the war, there were many rich families here, and there are still quite a number of really good houses. The hotel is neat and comfortable. But the streets are dreadful for ruts, mud-holes, and narrowness. The landlord said 'Col. Mosby is now at the Court House, and I will send at once and let him know you are here.'

"He answered the message directly, by coming. He wore his blue military cape with red linings and top riding boots, and looks older, and improved with years since I last saw him. He asked me at once to go home with him, but I was too tired from the drive, and preferred to rest that night at the hotel. Next day he came with his oldest little girl, May, and took me three miles out to his home, over the muddiest road with the deepest ruts I ever passed in a carriage. His wife met me at their door, a most gentle, sensible, and kindly woman. They have four bright, nice children. The baby, Stewart, (named for General J. E. B.) is, the dearest little thing I ever saw. Every day I threaten to confiscate her and carry her home. John is the gentlest and fondest of fathers. Has never spoken a harsh word to the children since I came. His mother is here with me, and we go walking over the hills. The grass is getting green, and we have spent this afternoon on the piazza.

"This is such a hilly country, full of little valleys with hills all around; and if you go over a hill in any direction, you are only in another valley all surrounded by hills. Little valleys just large enough for one farm. From some of the hills we see the Blue Ridge towering over all. This is six miles from Warrenton Springs, where Mrs. Mowatt used to go summers. Our troops burnt all the buildings there. Shanties are now being put up, which are already engaged by Richmond families and others for the fashionable season.

"Everybody is as kind and polite as possible, and there is no shadow of danger to me anywhere. They are thoroughly impressed with the superiority of the North, because it has beaten them! John Mosby says 'You had money enough to hire all the nations of the earth to fight for you. You must have spent millions; for all the last of the war I didn't capture a man that could speak good English.'

"I have had a great many conversations in which people have freely said they yet hoped for an independent government.

"They do not think this new Military Bill just, because the negro population through large numbers can out-vote the whites; while in many Northern states they are not allowed to vote. * * * * * * *. I never felt before so much the difference between Northern and Southern character. We are matured, thoughtful, reasoning, cold, stern, beside them. John Mosby himself is more a Northern man than any one I know here.

"His Lieutenant-Colonel and many of his men seem a warm-hearted, rollicking set, who love and admire their old commander. I have sat for hours listening to their stories of campaigning and narrow escapes, till it was like reading stories of Marion's Men, the Cavaliers, or Rob Roy.

"They never had any encampment or headquarters, but kept their houses in the mountains, and slept in the woods, or two or three together in houses, having appointments where to meet next. Mosby's command, never exceeding five hundred men, was entirely distinct from Lee's, and he was the only officer beside Lee that could grant furloughs. His orders were to capture trains and supplies, cut off all railroad communications, and in every way harrass the Union army, with a main view to draw off from the great body of our army as many troops as possible. And he estimates that he, with sometimes but fifty, and never more than five hundred men, kept about thirty thousand Union troops busy taking care of them.

"General Grant, and other Union officers of whom I have inquired, admit that Mosby did nothing contrary to the rules of warfare—and John says there is nothing in the Military Bill that prevents him from voting.

"He never took, or allowed his brother Willie (his adjutant) to take, or accept as a present from his men anything taken from prisoners. He says it would have destroyed his influence if he had fought for plunder, and now he has not enough to even buy a house. His wife sent to Kentucky and got some of her patrimony and has hired and fitted up this house quite comfortably and nicely.

"He showed me traces on the walls of the records with which they were scribbled all over by our soldiers—their names and regiments—interspersed with a phrase that didn't read 'bless Mosby!' Every house he knew of in the region bore the same allusion to him.

"I am delighted to find John and Willie as they always were, total abstinence. John tells me the successful Southern generals, Stonewall Jackson and J. E. B. Stewart were thorough temperance men. He speaks in terms of the highest admiration and praise of Col. Charles Lowell as the best Union officer with whom he had any conflict.

"I have passed a day with an aunt and cousins of Admiral Semmes, as they call him. He lived with them from boyhood. They are lively, interesting people. Mrs. S. cannot come to Washington, because she does not like to meet her old acquaintance against whom she took sides in the war.

"Gen. Pemberton, of Vicksburg notoriety, lives near. I have seen him. He seemed quite embarrassed. You know he was a Northerner, and U. S. officer, and resigned and went into the rebel service, and as he failed at Vicksburg was suspected by the rebels. So now, he is without friends on either side. He suffers, and is very sensitive they tell me.

"At one locality among the Blue Mountains everybody complains of weakness, because it is the spring time—they say. The horses are weak because they are not well fed. A boy passed me there with a small load of wood drawn by four oxen, and they stopped every few steps. I said 'Are your oxen sick, or tired?' He replied, 'No, they are weak.'

"People there live on coffee, ham, and corn bread—an unhealthy, dyspeptic diet, and I do not wonder they are weak. Mrs. Mosby's daughters told me that for days together, during the war, they had lived on only potatoes and salt and milk. Lee's army eat corn from the cob for three days before he surrendered. The Mosbys were at Lynchburg and heard the last guns of the war. One thing is remarkable—I have not heard a soul regret that slavery was gone."

Little Haters—Who They Are.

It is the little hater, after all, who is the meanest of the mean, the vilest of the vile, the crawlingest of the crawlers! He is all horrible. He is bad from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He has no good qualities. He cogs, he lies, he bears false witness, he wiggles and ramps, he crawls upon his belly in the sand, covering your boots with slime, till he is strong enough to raise himself on his hinder end, when he shakes his rattle and spits forth his poison. And he hates always. His hatred never dies. He will malign your children before they are born, and libel you after you are dead. He will whisper that you committed larceny when you were two years old, and that you had an ancestor who was hanged for coining base money in the reign of Edward IV. He goes on hating until his hair is white and his limbs are paralyzed; and if you are so fortunate as to survive him, you will find that he has left you an insult in his will. He would look out of his hearse and curse you on his way to Kensal Green if he could. As it is, you have the consolation of knowing that he is hating you down below, in the brimstone, as virulently as ever.

Little haters may be divided into twelve principal classes. 1. People to whom you have lent money, who are too dishonest or too mean to pay it, and who hate you for having lent it. 2. People whom you have helped, not pecuniarily, but by a timely word or letter, when they were obscure and poverty-stricken, and who hate you when they have become prosperous because you knew them when they were in the mud. 3. People who imagine that the women they know like you better than they like them. 4. People who have written little poems, and whose poems you have refused to purchase, to read, or to criticise. These are among the most implacable of little haters. 5. People whom you have detected and exposed as arrant humbugs. 6. People who are uneasily aware that your wife doesn't like them. 7. People about whom you have hazarded the unlucky verbal blunder known as "good things." The little hater never forgives a joke at his expense. 8. People with whom you have refused to dine, knowing as you do that their wine is bad, their melted butter execrable, and that their guests are bores. 9. People who have failed in some very little enterprise, while you have succeeded in some large undertaking of an analogous nature. 10. People whose toes you have accidentally trodden, or the "gathers" of whose skirts (these are lady haters) you have accidentally torn. 11. People who are aware that their children are ugly or abominable little nuisances, and know well that you don't like them, and so hate you. 12. People about whom you know too much. Stay, there shall be a baker's dozen. In the thirteenth and most malignant category I class the *people who don't know you at all*. They hate with a vengeance.—*Belgravia.*

PHOTOGRAPHING after a novel style has been tried with success in Paris. A photographer of that city has contrived a way of getting a number of successive photographs of the same sitter, as to reproduce him when moving. The camera is provided with a certain number of object-glasses, all corresponding with diaphragms of proper dimensions behind. Before the operation begins, all the object-glasses are covered with a thick curtain, which will roll up instantaneously like those of a carriage window by touching a spring, but the motion may be regulated at will. As the curtain rises it presents a round hole to each object-glass in succession, so that each receives the image at a different moment. All these images, each representing a somewhat different attitude, are successively thrown on the same sensitised plate, whereby a whole series of different photographs of the same person is obtained.

☞ An exchange says that it is a safe rule to wet the wrists before drinking cold water, if at all heated. The effect is immediate and grateful, and the danger of fatal results may be warded off by this simple precaution.

☞ Seasonable hints—if true: The oil of pennyroyal will keep mosquitoes out of a room, if scattered about, even in small quantities. Roaches are exterminated by scattering a handful of fresh cucumber parings about the house. No fly will alight on the window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

☞ A French journal gives an amusing illustration of the familiar truth that "accounts differ." By careful study of the Cretan despatches it has ascertained that the total loss of the Turks during the present insurrection has been one million five hundred thousand men; of the insurgents, forty men. A similar computation, founded upon the Turkish despatches, gives a Cretan loss of three million men at the lowest figures, against a Turkish loss of five. One does not often have to split a wider difference than that.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

BACK NUMBERS.

The powerful and interesting novelet of

LORD ULSWATER,

was commenced in THE POST of May 4th. New subscribers can commence their subscriptions with that number, if desired.

We can also still supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GAMAILLE By LUCRETIA ELLIOTT. An occasional contributor to THE POST sends us this poem (published in pamphlet form.) The story of the poem is that of a young Frenchman who leaves home and his young bride to win a fortune in the Carolinas, in the early days of their settlement. On a hunt for gold he leaves the fort, and is captured by the Indians, who compel him to choose between death and adpotion into their tribe. He becomes one of them, and marries among them. His young wife, with an infant child, finally leaves France for the new world, in hopes to hear something from him. The child dies on the voyage, and she learns when she arrives that Alphonse has not been heard from for years, and is probably dead. She becomes a kind of sister of mercy, and when Alphonse finally escapes from the Indians and reaches the settlement, he finds only her grave. This story is quite prettily told by the writer, though a little more care in her rhymes, and in the rhythm of her lines, would be desirable. We quote the conclusion of the poem:—

A score of years had passed, and many a brave
Trod mystic hunting grounds beyond the grave;
Once more the soothing sun his heralds sent,
Ripening for Alphonse a restless discontent.
O'er hill and moor, toward the southward, turned
The longing of his eyes. In silence oft' he yearned
For skies of France, so bathed in azure beams,
And the sweet voice, so weird-like in his dreams.
Resolved at last, to quit his savage home,
He dared the danger when the mid-night gloom
Hung dark as Erebus o'er the earth at rest,
And stirred the ominous visions of Sequest.

He stood astonished at the pictures strange,
Painted by life's great Artists—Time and Change.
Around the fort a thriving village stood,
And yielding fields lay where had been the wood;
Where in the past, had spread the boggy moor,
Green seas of rice displayed their growing store;
Even the stream was held for use, and plied
The busy wheel that labored by its side.

A modest church stood near, and graves were seen,
Fresh made, and old with flowery aisles between.
Alphonse turned there depressed, he knew not why,
And on the first memorial that caught his eye,
Was this: "Gamaille. Rewarded of her God."
Some fresh culled blossoms rested on the sod,
Distilling fragrance from their censer fair,
To freight the dews which bathed the sacred air.
The old Sacristan saw him and drew near.
"Tell me," Alphonse asked, "who's sleeping here?"
"A woman, broken hearted many a year ago,
Who dragged her life out wearily and slow;
She came from France, from Lyons on the Rhone,
Buried her child at sea, and came alone,
To find her husband—whom she sought was dead.
She drooped at first; the glow from life had fled;
Then like a spirit-waif she seemed to glide,
Her fittest station by the sufferer's side.
But this sad tale though true, is wasting time,
And I must haste to ring the vesper chime."

Time brought the summer of each circling year,
And laid fresh flowers on the sodded grave;
The softened moon light bathed the crystal mere
In mirrors, which each pulse of air regave;
And often at the night-fall, rumor said,
A bent old Sachem came, and with bowed head,
Knelt on the grassy mound, in silent prayer.
The stars grew pale one morn; he still was there,
With clasped hands, and half closed stony eyes,
Crown bright in realms wherein no shadow lies;
Kind villagers took up the unknown brave,
And robed him in fit clothing for the grave;
But found him fair, except his swarthy face,
And gave him, by Gamaille, a dreamless resting place.

MY GIFT. By CYRUS ELDER. Published by N. Tibbals & Co., New York. A volume of poems, of more than common promise. For instance the following is well turned:—

TO SIDNEY.

WITH IDYLS OF THE KING.

Here are four women, picked from all the world,
By one, the foremost poet of the world:
Enid, who purely serveth love and wins;
Vivien, who maketh love serve her and wins;
Elaine, the lily maid, who dies for love;
And Guinevere, sad queen, who for love sins.
All these are beautiful, and all, save one—
The subtle Vivien—are sorrowful;
And to but one is love a lasting joy.
O Poet! your fine fable fools us not;
We do not deem you dreaming, though you dream.
The table-round and the round world are one,
The same with Arthur and Victoria;
In beauty and in chivalry the same,
The same in love, the same in wickedness—
And surely thence in sorrow 'tis the same:
It is your world, O Sidney! a rare world,
Full of rare creatures, as these Idyls sing,
And rich in noble opportunity
Of worthy use, true love and lasting fame;
And you, a woman in it, may so live,
Your life shall make an Idyl, different
From these, with such melodious difference
As one bell from another in the chime,
Which yet doth make the harmony complete.

And the following, on the wild chase for happiness in the future:—

TO-MORROW.

Why should I dull my weary eyes
O'er volumes dry and dusty?
Why con the lore old time supplies
To learn its maxims rusty?
Why agonize to find the truth
That knowledge is but sorrow?
Let me enjoy the flush of youth:
I will be wise—To-morrow.

And blame me not that I refuse
To win earth's golden treasure,
And gaining it, submit to lose
The tastes that it might pleasure.
No, what I have I'll freely spend,
And when 't is gone I'll borrow:
Hope is the friend that still will lend;
I will be rich—To morrow.

I woo and seek to make my bride,
A sweet reluctant maiden,
Fair as the spirit shapes that glide,
Beneath the bowers of Alden;
That I shall win her, who will doubt?
Why should I pine in sorrow?
Ho! bid the wedding-bells ring out,
She will be mine—To-morrow.

Let misers hold the shining gold
Their lives were spent in earning;
And fair enscrolled in parchment old,
Remain the scholar's learning;
Let wedded love its transport prove,
Or moan its deeper sorrow;
Such things my soul can never move—
I'm waiting for—To-morrow.

The boasted beauties of to-day
Are all too poor for scorning,
Matched with the morrow's noon-tide ray,
The sunrise of its morning.
I fling aside with noble rage
The moment's joy or sorrow;
I seek a grander heritage
In the unknown—To-morrow.

Alas! Alas! the morrow strays,
For which my soul is yearning,
With the long line of yesterdays,
Forever unreturning.
Shall I resign the fruitless race?
Shall hope give place to sorrow?
No, through eternity I'll chase
The mirage of—To-morrow.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1866. Volume VI. This is the annual supplement for 1866 to Appleton's American Cyclopædia, and should be possessed by every one who owns the regular work. It embraces the political, civil, military and social affairs of the year, with public documents, biographies of distinguished men, &c. Portraits of King William of Prussia, Count Bismarck, and Garibaldi adorn the volume. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by J. K. Simon, 29 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER. By the author of "Fern's Hollow," &c. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Published by Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston.

THE ROYA PASS; OR, ENGLISHMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS. By ERICK MACKENZIE. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER TIMES. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and his Court," &c. Translated from the German by F. Jordan. With Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE STARLING. By NORMAN McLEOD, D. D. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES FOR JULY. Published by H. C. Lea, Philadelphia.

PERIODICALS. Littell's Living Age. The National Quarterly Review for June.

The King of Bavaria.

It is reported that the wedding of his majesty is to be celebrated in September. But the king's obstinacy is so great that no one can speak positively as to what the meantime will produce. The princess, too, is as obstinate as her lover. Besides, on no one point do they agree. They have not one taste in common. Each has a habit, however, which the other also has; and it is the sole point on which there is the least resemblance between the future bride and bridegroom. After selecting all possible colors and shades of color for the adorning of a drawing-room or boudoir, the princess declares that not one which the king has chosen pleases her. His majesty gets impatient and stamps with his royal foot. On another occasion the princess will propose some pleasure, or enter into cheerful talk about the future, on which the king puts a damper by pronouncing this to be frivolous, and proposes a discussion about Richard Wagner's music, or the lecture of some middle-age legend, as being far more exhilarating. Hereupon, at being thus snubbed by her nominal lover, her royal highness gets impatient and stamps with her pretty ducal foot. Thus they may stamp through life together; it is the sole feature which they have in common.

About Victor Hugo.

Our readers may recollect the story, which was some time since current in literary circles, of Victor Hugo's sending a note to the younger Dumas in acknowledgment of the receipt of one of that gentleman's novels. The letter consisted, according to report, of these words simply: "Your book is not a book." In a recent letter to the editor of the Figaro, M. Hugo denies the story, stating that there were no grounds for its currency, and concludes with a paragraph intensely characteristic of the man. It is as follows:—

"I never set right the little legends of which I am the hero; I let them go, smile with the rest of the world, and think about something else. This little history has astonished, but has not annoyed me; I am not so silly as to take in bad part these proofs of the imaginative powers of my contemporaries."

THE KING'S WOOING.—The young King of Greece has made a good impression upon his future wife. The Princess Olga of Russia, like many another young lady whose hand has been disposed of without her consent to a man whom she had never seen, expressed great repugnance to the marriage which had been arranged for her. Portraits were then exchanged, which somewhat mollified the reluctant damsel. King George then went in person to see his bride, and did his wooing so well that all difficulties were removed, and the young people are now said to be the most devoted of lovers. The marriage is to take place early in August.

☞ Artemus Ward was sometimes restive under editorial supervision, and once remarked to Mr. Carleton, his publisher, that the next time he wrote a book he would let Mr. Carleton write it.

Exterminating the Indians.

Those persons who talk lightly of "exterminating the hostile Indian tribes," as though it was a comparatively easy matter to do this by force of arms, are no doubt ignorant or misinformed as to the actual numbers and power of these fighting tribes. It is for their benefit, therefore, that we give below a statement of their numbers, and the probable strength of the confederation drawn from them, as it is made by a border newspaper. This statement is as follows:—

Apaches,	7 000
Arapahoes,	3,000
Blackfeet,	6 000
Crows,	3 000
Camanches,	20 000
Kiowas,	4 000
Cheyennes,	2,500
Gros Ventres,	500
Minatares,	2 500
Navajoes,	7 500
Sioux,	22 000
Total,	78,000

These are only the prominent tribes, most of whom are more or less hostile, and as such may not be drawn into the confederation of which Red Cloud is the head, will carry on the fight independently. Should the league be as complete as indicated, comprising many small tribes not above enumerated, it would possibly embrace 100 000 souls. This would enable Red Cloud to bring 25 000 to 30 000 warriors into the field, the most of them mounted and well armed.

With the above figures before them, readers may see what a bloody and expensive work a war of extermination would prove, to say nothing of its wholesale barbarity, and the great uncertainty of its final success.

With such an enemy conquest may be comparatively easy, but extermination is exceedingly problematical, while conciliation is assuredly easier and cheaper than either. After all, the Indians have undoubted wrongs and outrages to complain of as well as we, and where there are errors on both sides, it is well for the stronger to temper justice with mercy.

Nearly One Hundred Persons Prostrated by Lightning.

Last Thursday afternoon, as a large crowd were assembled in the fair grounds of the Springville Union Agricultural Association, a thunder shower came up, and the people present sought shelter in the exhibition sheds. Suddenly the lightning struck one of these sheds, which contained men, women, and horses. About a hundred persons were paralyzed in an instant, falling on their faces, and as many as fifty were rendered insensible for about five or ten minutes, while about a dozen were seriously burned. Two horses were killed on the spot. An old gentleman named John Gardenier, and two or three others are not expected to recover. One woman was prostrated and deprived of her senses, but not of her power of locomotion; she instinctively gathered herself up and ran to the 'bus and was conveyed to Holmes' Hotel, and declared she had no knowledge of what took place after the flash until she found herself in a room at the house. The lightning struck a post in the centre of the shed, against which Henry Tillou, the landlord of the West Falls Hotel, was leaning, and to which a horse was attached by a chain halter. The horse was killed instantly, while Mr. Tillou escaped by being grazed and knocked down. A singular fact mentioned in connection with the strange freak of the electric fluid is, that all the persons rendered insensible fell upon their faces. A young lady, named Miss Nelly Carney, was quite seriously injured, and her dress was scorched, but did not take fire. Another woman was struck on the shoulder, the fluid passing down her side, raising a blister in its course. A man from Otto was hit on the right side of the head, and on his recovery the mark was found to commence at the right eye, and could be plainly traced down the neck, across the chest, and off the left arm. The most fearful consternation existed among the people until it was discovered how light the injuries were.—*Buffalo Express.*

☞ "Gris," the "Fat Contributor," was asked to write a "take off" on the Black Crook. He replied that he couldn't see anything to take off.

☞ A Milwaukee paper says that "the Japanese as balancists have no living equal, unless it be the smart fellow who balanced the books of one of our wholesale clothing merchants after he had stolen some fifteen thousand dollars."

☞ REGISTRATION IN LOUISIANA.—Official returns of the registry in Louisiana to July 1st show that out of a total of 102 126 names, there are only 33 376 whites, against 68 750 negroes, thus indicating a preponderance of two to one for the latter, upon political and social questions in relation to the reconstruction of the state. It is not thought that the relative proportions will be changed when the lists are finally closed.

☞ A respectable old Irish lady was walking along a country road one day as quietly as any old lady could walk, when suddenly her indignation was aroused, on beholding the untidy abode of a small Irish farmer, who had his office houses, one pool and dung-hill in front of his house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me! how I hate to see a house with its rear in the front!"

☞ How strange it is that the counsel for the prisoner in criminal law pleases his client most when he acts in direct opposition to his client's conviction.

☞ At the Royal Palace in Berlin, forty thousand wax candles are instantly lighted by a single match. The wicks are previously connected by a thread spun from gun cotton, on lighting one end of which all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven hundred apartments are illuminated at once.

☞ The expenses of the Indian war, according to estimates made at General Grant's headquarters, are fully one million dollars a week, says a Washington despatch to the Boston Advertiser. The same authority says, in case it is determined to inaugurate a vigorous campaign, expenditures will soon be needed to meet the wants of the increased force of about five millions per week. Thus far since the trouble began, every Indian killed has cost the Government one million dollars and the lives of about ten white men.

☞ The Farmers' Club, of Elwood township, Illinois, recently resolved upon a general rat hunt. The members were divided into two parties with captains, who also divided the territory of the county. At the termination of the hunt the number of tails counted reached 4,671, and the total number killed was 7,400.

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS E. B. GLEASON, M. D.

LADIES—We will next consider the culinary department, to see if there are any means of curtailing our labors there or of accomplishing them more easily. As the first means to this end let every young lady serve an apprenticeship in the kitchen before she assumes the responsibility of overseeing one. Many a girl who stood "first head scholar" at the academy or seminary, and afterward graduated with honor at the best college for young ladies, has no real knowledge of household science, even when her mother was a pattern housekeeper. Parents, in their zeal to educate their daughters, keep them so constantly in school that they have neither time nor strength to learn domestic duties. One may as well try to teach mathematics before they can solve the problems perfectly and promptly as to expect to keep house successfully before they know by practical experience how to dispatch correctly its duties. No matter how able they may be to supply themselves with servants, they will be "bothered" with the ignorant or duped by the designing, unless they are in *reality*, as well as in name, "the mistress of the house." One says: "I mean to have a housekeeper, so as not to be troubled with domestics and their duties." But where will you find one? I know a host of women who *want* just such a barrier between them and household care, but very few who find them. Now, much as we rejoice in the growing facilities for mental cultivation among women, we feel that no amount of classics, mathematics, music and painting, can make up for the lack of good health, good sense, and the good business ability necessary to make housekeeping go on with comfort and economy. Many a young wife breaks in health, breaks in spirit, just here. She is vexed and worn with duties the detail of which she is not familiar with, and so when things go wrong she does not know how to right them. She cannot guide others in work with which she is not herself acquainted.

Many a young wife is worn out with the care of housekeeping before the birth of her first baby even. Many a bride prefers boarding because she feels inadequate to the care of a house. And so the best time for two impressible young hearts to assimilate and adjust themselves to each other in their own quiet home is lost in the general dissipation of hotel life, where new and fascinating acquaintances are formed, and so husband and wife grow unconsciously less and less to each other, instead of more and more indispensable. "Young married folks" having the right spirit are much happier paring apples out of the same pan in their own kitchen corner of an evening, than playing cards and sipping wine in the finest public parlors. Many women not educated in domestic economy make most excellent housekeepers, if they go about it with energy and cheer and have in the husband a "helpmeet." One of the most successful women as a wife and mother that I know of tells me that her husband gave her the most instructions she had in housekeeping; that when she began she knew nothing; but that he, though a physician, was brought up on a farm, and hence knew about home duties, and being some years older was to her husband, doctor and mother, till she got established; so their home life, with their many children, has been a very happy one. "But," she said, "I remember too well my own embarrassments to let one of my daughters grow up ignorant of domestic work." This husband is a man of courage, cheer and self-possession, and he could take his feeble young wife and care for her health and grow her into household duties, and so she has made him not only a sweet and sunny wife for twenty-five years, but a very useful one, though so delicate at the time of her marriage that the old family physician said she "must soon die of lung disease." For all his thoughtful care during the first years of their wedded life she has more than repaid him, not only in her loving devotion but in her success as a mother, in bringing up so well a goodly number of sons and daughters, and also as a business woman in her care of home finances, leaving him at liberty to devote himself to his profession, in which he has grown eminent. Now there is here and there a husband who can steady and strengthen his wife through the embarrassments incident to getting started in housekeeping, when she lacks both health and intelligence for the work, but I fear they are rare. Often both parties get discouraged and estranged in their first effort to make a home together. The wife gets nervous and hysterical; the husband at first sympathizes, and thinks his dear Demare is too delicate, too etherial for domestic work; but by-and-by, when he can't get any one who can roast beef and bake bread satisfactorily, and his means are unequal to the home demands, he begins to feel that his wife ought to see to things as his mother does.

The poor child says: "My husband don't sympathize as he used to, and—and—and"—well, we know more of these home troubles than it would be pretty to tell. Having stood as *mother* "con'essor" for lovalid wives and troubled husbands for many a year, we feel that poor health and poor housekeeping has had much to do with the flood of calls for divorce on the ground of "incompatibility of temper." Of course, a blunder now and then at the beginning gives a good laugh, and where there is real business ability one will soon be able to adapt themselves to a new girl, or no girl, as the case may be. A husband once said that he lived on dough until his wife learned to bake, as he could not afford to hire a girl, and she finally made an excellent cook. Another told me that his young bride, having him say that he was *very* fond of pie-plant pie, thought she would give him a pleasant surprise by making him one for dinner. It proved indeed a surprise, for he found between the two crusts only a leaf of his favorite plant. And he, too, gave me the pleasant assurance that his wife had come to be an adept in the culinary art.

If housekeeping is commenced first in a small way these deficiencies in early training can better be overcome and outgrown. But when they begin first on a large scale they seldom get a good start, and so are never adequate to their position. One of the great embarrassments to young housekeepers—and a weariness to those of experience, even—is our complex cookery and the great variety at each meal. Many articles waste the strength in the making and more still in the digesting. Pickling, preserving, and all manner of "fancy fixings" for the table are a great tax upon the wife, first in the preparing, and next in the nursing of those who eat them. Make all table arrangements simple and healthful every day, and if friends come set before them the same, and thus do away with all weariness of "cooking for company." Children who grow up on plain food seldom relish compounds and condiments. Those, too, who have held their appetites in subjection to their intelligence usually come to enjoy simple food better than any other, after a little self-denial in starting. Bad dietetic habits often spoil the appetite as well as digestion. Any pleasure indulged in to excess ends in privation and pain. Now the good Father not only made it necessary for us to eat, but has so made us that we may take comfort in eating and in the digesting too. But when we think more of the momentary pleasure of the palate than of permanent results, then we truly "sell our birth-right to health and happiness." Artificial appetites induced by over stimulating food are very unreliable. Now and then something will relish, but the real, regular pleasure of eating is lost. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness." Grace before meals, grumbling while eating, and groaning after, is an inconsistent order for a Christian household. Indigestion is quite sure to make an unreasonable character, whether at the dinner-table or elsewhere. Truly, there should be some way of living by which an intelligent family could have other table graces than the one said at the beginning. Let the lady of the house come to the table looking weary with overwork in preparing the meal, and feeling worried for fear it will not please; then some complain because food does not relish, and others express fears that it will not digest, and nothing short of destitution makes a more desolate domestic picture. Our friends will not suppose that we are advocating the hunger cure, or any rigid dietetic system. All these means are good when applied to the right patient, but very bad when adopted by the wrong one. Hence, any one needing such remedial means should be under the eye of some judicious adviser. But these letters are only to be suggestive as to general habits, and not to meet specific cases.

To those in health bountiful Mother Earth has given an extensive "bill of fare," which is good to be eaten with thanksgiving and digested in the same spirit. No table should be a temptation calling for self-denial or leading to misery; but a time for many comforts, eating with relish, chatting with cheer, and now and then a good joke and jolly laugh. Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals. Do not dwell on the difficulties of business, the delinquencies of domestics, or discipline the children at the dinner-table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food but a good start at digesting the same.

Much of the nervous unrest and over-anxiety of the women of this generation is due to the excessive use of tea. "Our grandmothers" drank it and worked it off through the muscular system; but these of this age, with brain and nerves more sensitive, and engaged in pursuits which intensify this condition, are rendered more excitable by stimulants, which, under other circumstances, might be used with much less harm. Women who do much manual labor drink their tea, do their work, and sleep well; while those are very nervous and wakeful whose employments are sedentary or such as induce more mental than muscular activity. I have known many of the latter class who lived largely on their tea, eating little food and growing thin, sensitive and sleepless, sharp in face, sharp in feeling, and often in words too.

Some years since a lady was brought to us who had been confined to her bed, chiefly, for several months with what the doctor called "a slow nervous fever." When she came I found "the nervous fever" indicated by the small, sharp pulse, dry skin and restless eyes, but the precise cause was the mystery, no organ being diseased sufficiently to induce this febrile excitement. My curiosity and surprise were still increased to find that under our regimen it vanished entirely in a few days. On further inquiry as to all her habits, I learned she had eaten little or no food, and taken tea five or six times a day, as she felt the need. When this was removed she ate well, slept well, and from week to week grew plump and cheerly as a child. When she had got quite well she went out to tea in town, drank it, and had her usual restless night, and from that time to this the same beverage brings the same result. Every year I am more and more surprised to see the number of women and children who are suffering from loss of appetite, loss of sleep, and that peculiar irritability which comes from the two combined, and yet have no idea of the cause, for they say: "I never dreamed black tea hurt any one." Now this same black tea may be excellent to help one through an emergency, when rest is needed and can not be had, just as you would put spurs to a horse to win a battle or meet a railway train; but to ride at this rate long would be ruinous to man and beast. Just so our women, spurred by this stimulant, rush on when they should rest. Tea may be one of the good things when used to steady and strengthen the nervous system when depressed by accident, severe sickness or overwork; but those who live on it live too fast, and, when they have once come to rely upon it, feel weak and worthless without it, and with it grow more and more nervous still, wondering why, because they fancy their "breakfast tea" is as safe to be drank as new milk at all times of day and night. Black tea is less stimulating than green, consequently less injurious, but even this will not do for "victuals, drink and lodging," as the Irishman said of his whiskey. As to coffee, all know it is injurious in many ways, save those who,

"——convinced against their will,
Are of the same opinion still."

So much has been said about diet, that it is not intelligence as to what is best for us so much as a conscientious courage that is wanted on the part of women to hold their table subject to the laws of health. They do not want their supplies to seem scant, or to appear unskilled in the varied mysteries of the culinary art. I have just received a letter from one of the readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, who appears to think I am laying the responsibility of healthful home habits too heavily on womanhood, and she writes thus: "Believe well the fathers, husbands and brothers, as well as their female counterparts, for here, I opine, lies half the mischief." Well, may be so. Every one speaks from their own point of observation. For our part, the fathers, husbands and brothers to whom we have been most nearly allied, have been more ready for all manner of reform in diet, dress and household arrangements than we have—in short, always ready to plan so as to make it easy for the "women folks," and are not only a help, but "the head of the house" still.

From the number of men deep in disastrous speculations who are trying to keep strength up with brandy and nerves quiet with tobacco, and of those whose faces show they are living for sensual pleasures only, either in high life or low, we have no doubt but that many women find around the social hearth and domestic board some very unreasonable male members. Beside these big sinners there are doubtless men, as well as women, who lack moral courage to sustain the sisterhood in any custom contrary to that which society usually sanctions. There are men, too, who seem to have a chronic habit of complaining of women. They are like the crusty old deacon we knew in Vermont, who said: "Women, from Bible times till now, were always a plague when one was in trouble. Now," said he, "there was poor old Job settin' down in the corner all covered with biles, and what did his wife do but open the door, stick her head in, with her dish-cloth in her hand, and say: 'Job, curse God and die?'"

'For all women whose lives are shaded and labors hindered by any of the above class we have a heart full of unspoken sympathy; but we do not think we could help such by "belaboring" the men in these articles. It would be like preaching to people who are not present, for who expects any gentlemen to read these "Letters to Ladies." But seriously, we have great faith that every wife, mother and daughter can do much toward ordering "well the ways of her own household," if she goes to work with a wise head, a warm heart, and in a womanly way. Men have an innate kindly consideration toward genuine womanhood, when it is not drowned by drunkenness or debauchery, and even then it often shines out beautifully, like the lucid moments in a wild delirium.

So every woman who so lives as to inspire confidence in her good spirit, good judgment and good business ability, gives daily a living epistle "known and read of all men" about her, which will have tenfold more influence than any *I* can write. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." I have indulged in this addendum as an answer to other ladies who may be feeling like the correspondent above mentioned. —*The Herald of Health.*

From "Songs with Preludes," in press.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I.

The racing river leaped and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

II.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling,
But in the hollow of my heart,
There ached a place that wanted filling.

III.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it and to listen.

IV.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming—
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
How could I that my time was coming.

V.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

VI.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting;
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

VII.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

VIII.

Her fellow maids in copse and lane,
Ah! still, me thinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

IX.

But now it is a year ago,
But now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart, to grow,
And fill the hollow place forever.

☞ The net results of General Hancock's campaign against the Indians are thus stated by the Chicago Tribune:—"After marching eleven hundred cavalry a distance of eight hundred miles with prodigious transportation trains, he succeeded in capturing one old Sioux with a broken leg, and an idiotic Cheyenne girl."

☞ A child at South Dorset, Vermont, nineteen months old, caught a green snake nearly two feet long, the other day, ate about three inches of it's tail, bit through his head, and came into the house with the reptile wound about its arm, the blood oozing from its mouth. The child's mouth was badly poisoned, but it received no other injury.

☞ The world changes too rapidly to make it possible to write very positively of what seems to be actually established. Thus, M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction in France, a short time since wrote a compendium of modern history for the public schools, which he brought down to the latest period. Its last sentence is: "The Emperor Maximilian reigns peacefully over a happy people."

☞ Wooden nutmegs are not manufactured to any extent in Massachusetts, but shoemakers in that state do make leather boots and shoes partially of straw-board. In goods intended for the Western and Southern trade, this article supplies "counters," and sometimes "uppers." One firm in Boston holds the agency of seventy straw-board mills, and its sales amount to 800 or 1,000 tons per year.

☞ The longest train of cars that ever passed over any railroad is said by the Easton (Pa.) Argus to have passed over the Lehigh Valley Railroad. It consisted of two hundred and seventy-five loaded cars, averaging six tons weight each, making one thousand six hundred and fifty tons in all. This train extended three thousand eight hundred and fifty feet—over two-thirds of a mile.

A Knowing Pony.

A few days ago my attention was attracted by seeing, in a street close to this, a pretty little horse in a milk-cart, trotting across the road, and drawing up at a particular door. Presently he was followed by the man in charge, who had no sooner placed himself in communication with the parson by whom the door was opened, than the horse set off again, and drew up, as before, at a house somewhat further on, which was promptly opened so soon as the servants below heard the sound of the wheels, and the stoppage of the cart at the accustomed hour. I spoke to the driver, and asked whether the horse knew every house in his walk. He told me "Yes," that he was familiar with them all. If a new customer was added, the horse soon included him in his calls; and if one left or discontinued his orders, he in a very short time ascertained the fact, and passed his door unnoticed.

The arrangement between the driver and the horse is signally conducive to the economy of time; for, instead of the two trudging together from house to house, knocking at each, and waiting till the door is opened and the milk delivered, the intelligent action of the horse carries him over the intervening distances whilst the man is settling his affairs with the customers.

Finding that the man and the cart are in the service of the dairymen who supplies my family—Mr. Field, of No. 47 Warwick street—I took the liberty to call on him, and inquired the story of this interesting animal. He told me that he had had him for about five years; that he bought him cheap, because he then bore the name of being vicious and a jibber; and he very soon discovered that the character he bore he most richly deserved, for rather than draw the milk-cart on four legs, his impulse was to upset it by standing erect upon two. It occurred to Mr. Field that such eccentricities must have been the result of bad treatment; and having less reliance on the whip than on the influence of kindness, he tried the latter, and most successfully. He began by coaxing the horse out of his sulks, by offering him a slice of bread, and sometimes a lump of sugar. The creature soon showed his appreciation and gratitude for both, but manifested a marked preference for a chestnut now and then; and thus a complete revolution was speedily produced in his disposition and conduct. So far from resenting and revolting against employment in the cart, he began to exhibit not only a perfect appreciation of the purposes for which the cart was wanted, but a spontaneous desire to contribute his unsolicited share in the service.

The plan of moving ahead in advance of the driver was entirely its own conception; it was never taught or directed to do so, but in time, as its performance of its daily duties attracted the attention of the neighborhood, the notice the horse received, and attention bestowed on it from door to door, were so thoroughly relished as to simulate its exertions to the utmost. All that the driver has to do is to say over his shoulder, "Go on, Jerry!" and away he trots with the cart to the next house.

But the driver told me I had not seen half the performances of Jerry, for he not only went of his own accord from house to house, but where he could reach the door he contrived to knock at it and to call up the inmates to attend to him. In order to witness this latter exploit I went the following day at the stated hour for the delivery of milk, and I saw the wise little horse trot up alone to a door in Cobourg-row, Pimlico; I saw him cautiously approach the curbstone, taking it in front, so that the wheel of the cart might not get upon the raised footpath; and then with his nose he raised the knocker and let fall twice, and waited till the door was opened, when he was rewarded by a slice of bread and a pat on his glossy neck whilst he was eating it.—*Sir J. Emerson Tennent.*

☞ One of the boys in a New Orleans school was asked, after various definitions had been given by others, mostly quite correct, what was meant by the verb to tantalize? He replied: "It was to ask a great many questions, and then criticise the answers!"

☞ No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for its father, when his day's labor is done.

☞ A lady should discard a lover that she can't influence. She shouldn't keep a beau that she can't bend.

☞ A hungry Mason was told on Sunday to swallow his apron, but declined because it went against his stomach.

☞ A sure mode of preventing a hen from setting—tie her legs together and hang her up.

☞ Sohell, the artist, is likewise a punster. When with some of his brethren out sketching, one of the club proposed to remain and sketch another landscape. "Oh, no," says Sohell, "let's ketch the cars."

☞ The N. Y. Home Journal says that the handsomest lady in the United States is a Philadelphian. Of course.

☞ M. Auber recently asked M. Charles Blanc: "What do you think of Gerome's 'Cleopatra?'" "It is wretched; the conception is weak, the execution is poor, the woman is of porcelain." M. Auber replied: "Is that the painter's fault? All women are terrible fragile now-a-days."

☞ A lad in a western county in this state witnessed the performance of some jugglers a short time since, and in imitation of some of their tricks swallowed his jack-knife with blade open, three inches and one-half long, with bone handle, and still lives!

☞ A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

☞ THE VICTIM OF FASHION.—(Jones has been telling Rob neon one of his splitting stories.) Robinson—"Ya'as—it's very funny!" Jones—"Then why the deuce don't you laugh?" Robinson—"My dear fellah, I would with pleasure, but I daren't display any emotion—these trowsers are so tremendously tight!"

☞ Sister—Look here, Charlie; supposing you had twenty sugar plums, and you wanted to divide them into four parts. You give five to baby and five to Carrie; now what would you do with the other ten? Sweet child—Suck 'em.

☞ The colored men in portions of the South are agitating for a negro Vice President. Mr. Sumner recently declared, in the U. S. Senate, that "it would be the duty of the Senate, in a few months, to welcome colored Senators upon this floor."

☞ A coroner's jury in Logan, O., recently returned a verdict that the death of a child was "the visitation of God to take it out of misery."

THE JOYS OF OLD MAID'S HALL.

Oh, weave no wedding wreath for me,
But make a good strong cup of tea.
Connubial joys are all too slight:
In these I could not take delight.
An easy chair, a book to read,
A poodle white is all I need.
Then weave no wedding wreath for me,
But put the kettle on for tea.

Let foolish girls delight in beaux,
Moustaches black and broadcloth clothes,
Bright boots of patent leather sheen,
And starched cravats, blue, pink, and green.
Ode fig Priscilla would not give
For any "feller" that doth live.
Then weave no wedding wreath for me,
But put the kettle on for tea.

Then let the servant girls prepare
A supper good with heedful care.
And steep the aromatic leaves
From China brought, (as she believes,)
Then shall my laugh my triumph tell,
And when I hear the supper bell,
I'll cry no wedding wreath for me,
But come and take a cup of tea.

☞ "Give me my money!" exclaimed Mme. Os pell, an eminent fortune-teller who had reposed her honest gains in the bank, to Jacob Barker, Banker Barker—"Why did you not apply for your money last week?" Mm?. Carpell—"Because I did not know your bank would fail." Banker Barker—"Then you ain't much of a fortune-teller."

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—The free use of this wonderful unguent removes every pimple and blotch from the skin, imparting a beautiful soft velvet appearance to the neck and cheeks. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM MCKNIGHT to Miss SARAH J. PERKINS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 5th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. GEORGE E. ALKINS, of this city, to Miss LIZZIE DUNNE, of Montgomery Square, Pa.

On the 6th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, GEORGE W. STORY, of this city, to Miss MARTHA J. HERBERT, of Delaware.

On the 2d of June, 1867, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SILAS SOUTHEY to Miss MARIA COOK, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Mr. WILLIAM H. GEORGE to Miss SARAH M. RICE, both of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. G. G. Rahnstraw, MORRIS O'DONNELL to Miss MATILDA SIMON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JOHN G. YEAGER, aged 53 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs MARY CATHCART, in her 52d year.

On the 8th instant, MARY, wife of Chas. Gould, Sr., in her 83d year.

On the 8th instant, CHRISTOPHER DOUGTON, in his 69th year.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES HEPPENSTALL, in his 31th year.

On the 7th instant, HENRIET D., wife of James W. Belcher.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE DOWNEY, in her 69th year.

On the 7th instant, ANN T. CONOVER, in her 79th year.

On the 6th instant, THEODORE L. LITTLEFIELD, in his 57th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who, remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving, - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

FIGS OF THISTLES.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

As laborers set in a vineyard
Are we set in life's field,
To plant and to garner the harvest
Our future shall yield.

And never since harvests were ripened,
Or laborers born,
Did men gather figs of the thistle
Or grapes of the thorn.

Even he who has faithfully scattered
Clean seed in the ground,
Has found, where the green blade was growing,
Tares of evil abound.

For labor ends not with the planting—
Sure watch must we keep,
Since the enemy sows in the night-time,
While husbandmen sleep.

And sins all unsought and unbidden
Take root in the mind;
Vile seeds are they, choking the blossoms,
Chance-sown by the wind.

But no good crop our hands have not planted
Doth Providence send,
Nor doth that which we planted have increase
Till we water and tend.

By our fruits—whether good, whether evil—
At the last are we shown;
And he who has nothing to gather
By his lack shall be known.

And no useless creature escapeth
His righteous reward;
For the tree or the soul that is barren
Is cursed of the Lord.

☞ The Richmond Times reports a singular explosion of a latch-key with which a gentleman was opening his door a few days since. The report was as loud as that made by an ordinary pistol, and the force of the explosion shattered the key-ring and scattered the keys, blowing a button off his glove and injuring his hand. The cause assigned for the explosion is this: The lock was of brass and had been heated by the sun, and the key being of steel and also heated, had, by coming in contact, caused a thermo-electric current. This current often causes an explosion, the shock of which is not unlike that of an electric battery.

☞ Verdict of a negro inquest in Indianapolis, Indiana. "We, the undersigned, bein' a Kurnet's Juray of disgust to sit on the body ob de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone before us, have been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, did on the night ob de fusteenth ob February, come to death by falling from the bridge ober de riber in the said riber, whar we find he was subsequently, and afterward washed on de riber side, whar we 'spose he was frose to deaf."

☞ Petroleum shares are defined by Pope—not the general—as "parts in one stupendous hole."

AN EMBER-PICTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How strange are the freaks of memory!
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set—

Set by some mordant fancy,
And, despite the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together:
Our talk was of matters of course:
We were nothing one to the other,
But a short half hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy natural way—
Of the weather, for it was raining,
As we rode home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
Men take such pains to discuss;
The thundercut rumors of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more.

Flashed fainter and wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me,
Like a scrap of ballad rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so;
You may find a thousand as fair,
And yet there's her face in my memory,
With no special right to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals,
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried—good rest to their souls—

Her face shines out of the embers:
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam;
'Tis a gracious possession forever,
For what is it all but a dream?

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

LIFE OR DEATH---ON SKATES

Last winter, while skating on a small piece of water, or lake, as its proprietor makes a point of grandiloquently terming it, some three hundred yards in length by twenty in width, I could not help recalling to mind two adventures that befell me on the ice, some years ago, in more northerly latitudes than this.

Pleasant is it to have only a small piece of water to skate on, if the ice be good, and there are a few companions with you; but how is that pleasure enhanced when you are skating on a Norwegian fjord, let us say, or on one of the large inland lakes with which Norway abounds. No need to turn back, and go over the same ground over and over again, like a caged bear; no fear of getting run down in a crowd, and having your head cut open by some muff skating with you; and no fear of the ice breaking.

I was one of a party, then, consisting of six or seven young Norwegian and English students. It was our intention to skate down the fjord to a village about twenty miles distant from Christiana, and then to return on the ice by moonlight. A charming plan, and one which is calculated to make many a tyro's mouth water, whose skating excursions are necessarily limited by the banks of a small piece of water, or haply to a long and narrow canal.

It was a lovely morning when we set out. The sky was of a deep azure blue, equalling in intensity and clearness any I have ever witnessed in more southern climes; the ice was all that the most fastidious member of the Skating Club could possibly desire; and the feeling that it was not less than three feet in thickness, and that there were no dangerous springs here and there, did not render it the less agreeable. When I add that the fjord was at least two miles in width, and kept getting wider and wider the further we left the town behind us, and that, if we had wished, we could have skated to the open sea, a distance of nearly eighty miles, it will readily be understood that there was no lack of room for the full display of our skating powers. Not that we indulged in any fantastic evolutions; we had a long journey before us, and it was necessary to husband our strength.

Swiftly we sped along, a gentle breeze from the north kindly assisting us, stopping every now and then to pass a word or two with some solitary fisherman, camped out on the ice, under the lee of a piece of sail-cloth rigged upon poles. The fish seemed to be hungry, judging by the quantity of whiting and small cod some of them had in their baskets. Presently, an "ice-ship" passed us with the velocity of an express-train. I had never seen one before; and as many of your readers, doubtless, have never even heard of such vessels, I will briefly describe the one that passed us. It was constructed exactly like an ice-plough—that is, was of a triangular shape, and ran on skates. It carried one large square sail, which could be taken in by letting go the rope that held it. Indeed, this is the only way of stopping these ships, and thus a voyage in them is frequently attended with danger and loss of life; for should one come unawares near the end of the ice, and the wind be high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on to the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than be carried out into the open water.

After a pleasant journey of three or four hours, for we took it coolly, remembering that we should have the wind against us on our return, we arrived at our destination at about one o'clock, need I say, ravenously hungry. How excellent the hot coffee was—how piquant the smoked salmon—how fragrant the cigar, and how exhilarating the little dash of cognac! Thus the time quickly passed; and it was with a feeling akin to reluctance that we quitted the warm room of the village station for the open fjord once more. And so we set off on our homeward journey, not quite so merry, perhaps, as when we had started, for the sun was down, the wind in our faces, and we a little stiff. Still we went gayly on, at "half-speed," and were disagreeably surprised when about half our journey was completed, to perceive a dense fog gradually stealing over the ice. On and on it came, till at last we were enveloped in an impenetrable mist. Then, for the first time, it flashed across our minds that we were in a fix. How were we to steer? There was no longer a star whereby to shape our course; indeed, the whole sky was shut out from view. What was to be done? Wiser far had we retraced our steps to the village we had left, and passed the night there; but we did not like the idea, and determined to brave it out.

Need I say that we were soon as completely lost as any hunter ever was on trackless prairie or boundless forest. And yet there was something to guide us—the wind; by keeping it on a certain quarter of our faces, we trusted, if it had not shifted a point or two since morning, that we were going at least in the right direction. But why had we no compass with us? Ah! why had we not?

"Keep close together," shouted our leader, as we followed each other in single file, "and mind the holes in the ice!"

There was another danger; for the holes the fishermen make in the morning might not be strong enough to bear a man's weight by night; and though not big enough to let one through, a broken leg might very likely be the result of getting into one of them unawares. Meanwhile the fog grew denser and denser, till at length we were obliged to hold on by each other's coat-tails, somewhat after the fashion of a sealing party up Mont Blanc. We had been already five hours on the ice, and ought to have been home by that time, had we steered rightly. But there were no signs of human life near; not a sound was to be heard, though we often halted, and strained our ears to catch the voice of some fisherman or other who might be returning home late from his work. A deathly, ominous silence prevailed.

"Well, we are lost," said our leader; "God only knows where we are!"

Now, to be lost out on an open fjord, with the thermometer down twenty degrees below zero, and with a keen north wind blowing—to feel that fatal drowsiness stealing over one, which, if given way to, would prove a sleep of death, is by no means an agreeable predicament to be in. Moving we must keep, no matter in what direction—resting would prove fatal; and so we kept on, hoping we were in the right course still. Presently, we distinctly heard the roaring of a distant cascade: we stopped, and held a consultation.

"Stay! I have it," said our leader: "that is the —— Foss we can hear, and this, therefore, is the —— Creek. Back, back, for your lives!" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was, in fact, the frozen surface of —— River we were standing upon, the current of which was so swift and fierce, that the ice there was always unsafe. Fear lent speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the senses.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the hope was a vain one; for after skating for a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home. It was getting serious. Midnight was already past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued, and so worn out, that I could scarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ice, if only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" for I was flinging myself down on the ice. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believe it saved my life.

Presently, through the gloom, we espied a number of dull-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, thank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" we shouted—"hurrah!" and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes we were among a crowd of people, whom our friends in town had got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still eight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching-party not fallen in with us as they did, seven frozen corpses would have been found on the ice next morning.

The other adventure that befell me was when skating across the Baltic, or that part of it that separates Sweden from Denmark. I was staying at Copenhagen one winter, and amused myself with sledging and skating on the ice. One morning, on going down to the quay, I learned from the fishermen that, midway between the town and the Swedish coast, there were several auks frozen into the ice by their feet; and to prove that it was no fabrication, they showed me some they had brought with them. To rush back into the town, and to make up a party to see the curious and unusual sight, occupied but a short time; and, indeed, our numbers swelled so much, that we could not have been fewer than a hundred in all when we started from Copenhagen.

There is a little island midway between the opposite coasts, and it was round this that the poor birds had got frozen into the ice. There must have been hundreds of them, without any exaggeration—auks, gulls, and sea-birds of all kinds, most of them quite dead, but others with just enough life left in them to enable them to wag their heads in a most piteous way, as if beseeching us to release them from their icy chains. I did rescue one poor gull, and literally cut it out of the ice, and then thawed it as well as I could under my coat, and let it go. But the silly bird only flew a short distance, when down it plumped on the ice once more, and doubtless got frozen in again.

Now, it was an unusual thing for this part of the Baltic to be frozen over; and as none of our large party had ever visited Sweden by the ice, and it looked so tempting and inviting at a distance only of ten miles from us, it was determined that we should continue our journey thither.

Great was the excitement as we drew near the shore, for, as I said, we must have numbered at least a hundred. Indeed, I verily think the good Swedes must have imagined we were a party of invaders coming to take possession of the little town and fortress of Malmo, on skates. Bang! bang! thundered out the guns from the castle, but it was only meant, of course, as a friendly salute, for, as we reached the shore, we were met by no less a personage than the mayor of the town, who insisted upon our all coming up to his house, where an impromptu banquet was speedily prepared, and in an incredibly short space of time we were partaking of hearty good Swedish cheer, and quaffing off tumblers of champagne, and making speeches by the dozen, of which I could only catch a word or two here and there, but quite sufficient to convince me that the Swedes were jolly good-fellows, and that they took this unprecedented visit from their near neighbor Denmark as a very great compliment.

Well and wisely did nine-tenths of the guests accept the hospitable mayor's invitation to pass the night in Malmo; not, of course, that he could accommodate them all; but a night's lodging was speedily arranged, for every householder in the place deemed it a great honor to have two or three of the visitors billeted upon him; and foolishly, madly, did the remaining tenth, of which I, see that I was, was one, determine to return to the Danish coast that very night. It was useless for our host to remonstrate; go we would, and go we did. And so we started on our homeward route under another salute from the fortress, which we answered by waving our handkerchiefs and shouting. The wind blew at starting from the east, and we therefore found it easier work to steer our course in the direction of Elsinore than to return direct to Copenhagen. We had completed, perhaps, four-fifths of our journey, and were not more than ten miles from Elsinore, when the wind suddenly veered round to the west. It was hard work now, for it soon began to blow a regular gale; and a snow-storm setting in, we were almost blinded with the driving snow. Presently, we heard a sound to the westward, which I shall never forget: it was the ice breaking up. A north-westerly wind, I should add, brings a great deal of salt water into the Baltic, and when it blows high, speedily breaks up any ice that may have formed in the narrow Sound. It was a race for very life. Distinctly we could feel the ice moving under our feet in an undulating manner, while but a short distance to our right we could see the waves dashing over it, and breaking it up into fragments.

We were still a mile from shore, and it was a question whether we should ever be able to reach it in time. Oh, never shall I forget those moments—the ice surging up and down under our feet, and we fearing each moment it would break up. To add to our troubles, too, one of our party just then, when moments were of priceless value, fell down in a fainting-fit. Boom! boom! went the guns from the Kronborg; a kindly signal to any who might be out on the ice to hasten ashore. To us, it sounded like a death-knell. By dint of great exertions, we managed to raise our companion to his feet, and then one holding him up on either side, and the rest pushing from behind, we shoved him slowly along towards the shore. Five minutes later, and we must all have been lost, for just as we were stepping on land, the ice rent with a crash and a roar like an avalanche, and the waves dashed over it impetuously, as if in anger at our having escaped them. We carried the poor fellow to an inn, where he lay for a long time in a most critical state, while we made the best of our way to the city, to acquaint his friends of the sad occurrence, rejoicing and thankful that we had escaped. God help any poor fellow that might have been out on the Sound that night! Three days later, our friends from Malmo returned in a steamer, for they had, of course, been detained prisoners by the ice breaking up; and agreeably surprised they were to see us safe and sound.

Home of Charlotte Bronte.

AUTHORESS OF "JANE EYRE."

BY JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

Striking and peculiar is "The Black Country" in England. It occupies the central region of the kingdom, and embraces several counties, comprising not only the large manufacturing cities of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Huddersfield and Bradford, but unaccounted villages—tributaries to these—scattered along the streams that flow through this hilly district.

Black is everything throughout it; the brick or stone villages which blotch its surface like unhealthy eruptions; the factories which on every side send their tall chimney-stacks straight up through the murky air; the air itself dark and sombrous when the sun is in, and sickly yellow when out; the men, women and children flitting with blackened faces, in and out of these factories to their grimy houses; and the vegetation, with nothing green left, standing in a hideous mask of soot, and evoking a feeling of oppression and dreariness, which no effort can throw off. Great heaps of coal, dragged out by machinery from depths almost incredible, and in all directions; black trucks, handled by bare, coal-stained arms, are receiving their black loads, or are being dumped into black slides, to be conveyed to the hungry maws of black factories that creak, and groan, and fume, and exhale their foul, black breath all the weary day, and all the discouraged night.

And then at night, when you move over some of the numberless railways that go up and down, and over and through, this great black district, and are momentarily startled by the long tongues of flames thrust out of the black jaws of manufacturing piles, and which lick angrily the sky, while heavy masses of smoke, half illuminated, roll their lurid volumes through and away from the spiteful fires, a feeling of awe and apprehension creeps over you. Red-shirted men, moving through the light, at work, or flitting out from behind factory walls, and then disappearing, the flames a moment playing upon them, and throwing long shadows towards you, seem like demons engaged in some unearthly business.

Wherever one turns, whether by day or night, he finds nothing to cheer his spirits; no pleasant sights, such as elsewhere, especially amid rural scenes, invariably outspread themselves. The clank of machinery, ceaselessly working, with its unmusical, heavy, monotonous sounds; the absence of healthy, bright faces, especially those of children, stained as they are here, with the black, bituminous smoke; looks, pinched, thin, bloodless, such a confinement always gives; the consciousness that work, work, work, early and late, from one weary year to another, for children, adults, and old men and women, and for the merest pittance of wages—work, work, work, hopeless of the future, wrestling drearily with daily want, ever crowding even upon their unrelieved tasks—all these oppress the heart of the traveller.

An Englishman may find consolation that here are wrought the manufactured fabrics of wool, cotton, iron, and steel which make the commercial wealth and political greatness of England; but the foreigner sees only the murky scenes, the blackened surfaces, the unhealthy huddles of cheap hovels, the cheerless, hopeless faces of children, men and women chained to ill-paid toil, and seeming to be parts of the clanking machinery that crushes and crunches remorselessly on.

Amid these scenes was the home of Charlotte Bronte.

It was in the beginning of May when our visit occurred—the season when, outside of "the black country," spring, in England, overflows its flowers, coronates hedge-rows with white foamy crowns, and is voluptuous in verdurous wealth. Elsewhere throughout the kingdom, at this season, the trees are heaped with juicy, shiny leaves; lanes are piled with vines and tangled masses of wild flowers; old fences are varnished with the tender glazing of mosses, and the living fences of the haw and holly smile in long white banks across fields of rank clover, brilliant with red and white bosses, and gay with patches of scarlet poppies. But over the black district the baleful coating of soot and cinders has invested everything, and veneered all the surfaces in hues dusky, gloomy and oppressive.

Starting from the large, cloth-making City of Bradford, our train at last rumbles out of the heavy clouds of smoke that always sit sullenly over it, and wheezes up the narrow valley, which takes its name from the little stream of the Aire—filled with the small, blackened villages of which I have spoken—seven miles to Keighley—a small hamlet, differing from those that stand between it and Bradford only in being a trifle larger, and thus presenting a greater surface of grime and soot.

Here, leaving the railway, we obtain a shaggy boy and horse, with a cart annexed—the boy believed to be originally white of skin, and the horse possibly born with a coat of bay. We drive, first, along a gravelly valley, with small houses of a story and a half strung thickly along the road; then over a steep hill, treeless and shrubless, overlooking several narrow, deep-sunk valleys, bounded by other hills as bleak, cold and treeless; a thin, stunted grass barely covering them, with fences of steel-colored stone running up and dividing this hard-visaged surface into formal squares and parallelograms. Driving over this long, steep hill, we surmount another, which lifts us up to another cheerless view of dreary hills, parted by unsmiling little valleys, along and over which lay sluggish palls of smoke, created by the small manufacturing hamlets sprinkled everywhere. At the far base of this second hill our shaggy driver stops his shaggy pony, and, pointing his grimy finger up a high precipitous ascent before us, grunted out:

"You seex, xur, yon place on the top. That, xur, be's Haworth. It's too hard, xur, for a 'oss to pull up—so will the gemman and lady walk up? There's a pull across the fields, xur; and theme as comes here, xur, allurs walks."

Following the driver's directions, we begin the laborious ascent up the sharpest acclivity I have ever known to be surmounted by a human habitation, much less by a collection of them. Not a tree or shrub enlivens the scantily-covered sides of this steep hill. A wagon road climbs with difficulty up it. At last we reach the beginning of the village. It consists of one long, almost perpendicular street, paved with dark, iron-colored stone laid straight across from house to house, and leaving no sidewalks; the houses on each side, built of the same gloomy material, all of one and a half stories, of the same dimensions, a double row of little stone boxes, with a stone floor between them. Looking from the upper part of this street, downwards, Haworth had the appearance of a stone gutter, intended as a slide for timber or coal.

At the upper end of the street a sign swinging in front of one of these stone boxes, disfigured by the effigy of an ox, and by the letters "The Black Bull," indicated the tavern to which the only son and brother, Branwell Bronte, escaped from the gloomy unsociality of his father's house to the low companionship and fatal excitements of cheap whiskeys—an attraction from which neither the tearful entreaties of his sisters nor the iron severity of his father could ever withdraw him. A little way further on, separated a little from the village, and on the very summit of the treeless hill, stands the Parsonage—the residence of that singularly gifted family, the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Ann Bronte.

The house is a small, sombre, two-storied stone building, a small patch of grass lying between it and a gray stone wall, which separates but does not screen it from a large burial-ground, where beneath dark-colored horizontal slabs, lie generations after generations of the former inhabitants of Haworth—a population fifty times more numerous than the living. The house fronts upon, and the room formerly occupied by Charlotte, looks over this wide, gloomy, dead field, whose features, naturally repulsive, are made even gloomier by the wide breadth taken up by the horizontal stones, many of them hideous with grinning Death's heads, and other morose emblems of the merciless Foe. Nothing could be contrived so to chill sadden and sink the spirits of any human being, even if not peculiarly sensitive, as Charlotte Bronte was, than the outlook from the only window in her room, resting in its first glance on this dreadful field of flat grave stones, unredeemed by flowers, shrubs, or anything human; then gathering in, if possible, darker suggestions as this glance slid down over the stone lane below, made up of fifty houses tenanted by hand-weavers, grimly fighting away hunger by unremitting toil; no congenial or friendly soul living anywhere throughout the dismal sweep of her vision, and nothing in the further reaches of her unsatisfied look, as it went up and over the shrubless and treeless hills beyond, to relieve from the gloom of nearer objects or bring up a single cheerful emotion. Here in this dismal house, in this dismal village, perched on this bleak hill, her daily vision outside bounded by other hills just as bleak, lived Charlotte Bronte, with short intervals away as scholar and teacher, from her fourth year until her death. Here were written her novels, displaying such wonderful mastery of thought, knowledge of the human heart, subtle emotion, embodied in language singularly elevated and pure. Here, having lost her mother in the first year of existence, she hid from the harsh temper and unsympathetic nature of her father, and schooled by daily discipline, her ever-yearning, unsatisfied longings for heart-companionships and literary reputation.—*Hours at Home.*

☞ Woman is a delusion; but men will hug delusions.

ST. LEON'S TOAST.

The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup was seen to shine
  Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
  Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried, "A toast! a toast!
  To all our ladyes fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
  The Lady Gundamore!"

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang
  As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
  'Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head.
  "That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
  Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
  And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace and beauty praised,
  Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise—
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
  A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in ladye's bower and hall—
  The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high—
  "I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
  'Till memory be dead;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
  So deep it is, and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
  By these brave knights before."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
  With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
  Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe *her* name in careless mood,
  Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as tho'
To give that word the reverence due,
  And gently said, "My Mother."

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SPIED SPY.

Stephen Marsh, member of the College of Surgeons, supplied a noteworthy illustration of the incompleteness of human—and indeed animal—cunning. The stoat that fastens on the hare's throat has no eyes or ears for the keeper swinging his ash-stick over the head of the exultant little bloodsucker. The black cormorant, perched upon the slippery ridge of the weed-fringed rock, and poising itself with flapping wings and eager neck out-stretched for a plunge among the gleaming mackerel, quite forgets that on its crag above the osprey waits with glittering eye and ruffled plumes, ready to swoop down almost to the sea itself, and rob the robber. Politicians are often as short-sighted in their simple greed as stoats and cormorants can be; and other men of professed astuteness, from the disreputable rigger of the thimble to the respectable rigger of the money-market, are just as liable to blindness as are politicians.

Lord Ulswater's rebellious instrument was a keen edged tool, dangerous to handle. Mr. Marsh may perhaps have had no special aptitude for the art of healing, but he was able, and, in his way, adroit. For the clumsy coarseness with which he had conducted his attempted negotiation with William Morgan, he was not, after all, so very much to blame: he could not fairly be expected to anticipate the honorable instinct that debarred the discarded suitor from taking a share in the plot to ruin, by legal means, the man who had stolen from him the dearest prize that life held; and the ex-Bursch of a second-rate German university, who had learned to view the world through a hazy atmosphere of bad tobacco smoke, bad beer, bad poetry and metaphysics, and whose after-experiences had tended to sour and degrade him, might be pardoned for believing the worst of those with whom he came in accidental contact.

While, however, Mr. Marsh was keeping heedful watch on the new M. P. for Oakshire, by whose help he trusted to secure a fulcrum for the lever that should topple down John, Lord Ulswater, from his pride of place, he absolutely neglected to secure himself from being the object of any similar scouting operations; and yet, all that morning, from the hour when he first threw open his window to admit the welcome summer wind into the den of a dressing-room in which he stood, forcing his hand to be steady as he reaped his steel-hard beard with the sharp razor, an eye had been upon him, and his outgoings had been observed with a care that would have startled him not a little.

When the town omnibus, garish in its summer coat of red and green, like a Brazil parrot, came tinkling and clanging on its rattling wheels and complaining springs, to the surgeon's huge stucco-fronted house, its arrival was not unnoticed. Mr. Marsh's presence of mind, as displayed in that little matter of the pistol, was remarked also by the same eye-witness who saw the omnibus drive round to take the doctor up, and who had known the doctor's intentions as to his trip to the metropolis, almost as early as the doctor himself.

It has been mentioned that a cattle-fair had lately been held at an inland town, within easy reach of Shelton, and that certain cattle-vans, destined to convey beef to the all-devouring mouth of London, were attached to the train at that station. The beef aforesaid being still in the shape of live oxen, capable of suffering from thirst, and heat, and dust, and confinement, and, moreover, provided with a due complement of horns and hoofs, wherewith, at the last extremity of wretchedness, to avenge the wrongs of the bovine race upon its tyrants, sundry stout drovers, with iron-pointed ash-plants in their hands, and brass badges worn inside their greasy fustian coats, were in attendance on these four-footed travellers. One of these cow-compelling persons, a sturdy fellow, who wore a red cotton handkerchief tied so loosely round his brawny throat that the lower part of his face was almost wholly hidden by its broad folds, and whose mangy brown cap was slouched down to his very eyes, was obtrusively active in his vocation, dealing such thwacks with his tough stick that the flanks of his unoffending charges sounded again to the blows, and swearing with much vigor and relish, yet never losing a chance of following, with his roving, deep-set eyes, the proceedings of Mr. Marsh.

The hero of the red pocket-handkerchief was evidently an outsider. Hard as he struck among the bullocks, as, blundering, and bellowing forth their wonder and alarm, they were hustled into the vans, and packed head and tail, like sardines in a box, his manipulation of the stick was rather that of a brilliant amateur than of a trained professional. He did not know the tender spots, or ply the goad which he as well as the others carried, in defiance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the same perfection as the rest. Also, whereas the other men chatted or swore at each other quite familiarly as Jack and Harry, no one addressed the broad-shouldered personage by name.

"Doing old Nat's work, ain't he?" one fellow gruffly asked of another, pointing over his shoulder at the knight of the red kerchief.

"Ay, ay," was the answer. "Old Nat's that drunk he won't be fit to do anything these three days. The chap stood a goodish drop of beer over there at the *Three Fishers*. Old Nat gave his job, he did, but he wouldn't be so jolly green as to land him his badge and his license. What the man wants to take cattle up to market for, I don't know, unless he expects to crib a beast or two, but I'll go bail I look too sharp to be gammoned by a Johnny Raw."

"I'll bet a pint, and a pint at the back o' that, you do, Mr. Tradgett," said the admiring underling who was lieutenant to this Smithfield cattle-captain, and then added in a lower tone, that the freshman was a queer sort of strongish customer, and not one to quarrel with, if so be it could be helped; a remark which, confirmed, as it was by the stout make and resolute aspect of the new recruit, carried conviction to the mind of the head-drover.

In all professions, there is a corporate feeling antagonistic to interlopers, and thus it proved in the present instance. These rugged bullock-drivers eyed their amateur comrade askance, and gave him the cold-shoulder, very much as second-year Christ church men, or second-enlistment soldiers, or regular members of a county-hunt, are apt to survey a novice suddenly thrust into their company. There was a freemasonary among them, and the last-comer had not the pass-words of the order. But the man with the red handkerchief swathed about his thick neck seemed to care very little indeed for the lack of cordiality with which he was treated by his colleagues, but buried himself in his new duties, keeping all the while a wary watch upon the opposite platform.

"You'd better get in again, sharp, or you'll be left behind, my buck," an excitable railway policeman had shouted, at the very time when the scene between Fortunatus Morgan and Mr. Marsh, consequent upon the accidental dropping of the pistol, had come to a close, and the surgeon, jumping into a first class-carriage, was hastily handing to the guard the difference of price between his second-class ticket and the full fare. "Do you hear me, there, you in the red neckhandkercher?" screamed the policeman again, as the bell rang and the engine whistled responsive. It *was* very provoking. The train had been made up for some time, and with much toil; only one or two laggards among the second-class passengers were yet to be pushed or persuaded into their places; the luggage was being flung into the van as they pitch coke into a furnace; and there was one of those drover fellows, the noisy one with the red handkerchief and mangy cap, standing in the middle of the platform, gaping at young Squire Morgan and the surgeon, as if they had been playactors—so the policeman afterwards declared—performing for his especial amusement.

"You get in will yer?" growled the head-drover, with a *sotto voce* accompaniment of oaths, looking out from his perch near the cattle; and the stout man with the red kerchief slowly obeyed.

"What the (Pandemonium) did it signify to you, staring at those swells?" austerely demanded the chief-herdsman. But he got no answer, and perhaps expected none, the new-comer merely hitching his shoulder round as he began to chew a lump of strong negrohead tobacco that he took from his waistcoat pocket, the rules of the railway company not permitting the solace of a pipe. When, however, the train had got a few miles on its upward journey, the volunteer drover proved himself to be possessed of more clubbable qualities than he had previously been credited with, since, from a red bundle that lay at his feet, and which had for envelope a cotton handkerchief similar to that which encircled its proprietor's throat, he produced some cold meat and bread, a black bottle containing gin, and a pack of well-thumbed cards, and thus enabled his fellow-travellers to while away the time in a fashion much to their taste.

"How did you get all them blue patterns on your arms, mate?" asked Mr. Tradgett, the drover-in-chief, curiously eyeing the dark-blue tattooing that marked the sturdy wrists of the amateur in cattle-tending.

"Some was done with gunpowder, regular, and some with the infernal cuttle-fish dye the black fellows use. That mermaid's neat, and so's the anchor *with* a true-lover's knot!" said the person addressed, looking down with a pardonable pride, like that of the owner of some famous picture gallery, on the designs stamped indelibly upon his skin.

"And the letters W. H.—that'll stand for your name, I suppose?" inquired another of the group.

"Maybe they will, and maybe they won't," sulkily answered the tattooed gentleman, shaking the black bottle, in hopes that a little gin might still remain in it. But the gin was all drunk, and the card-playing had languished of late, seeing that the red-kerchiefed man had won as many shillings, sixpences, and copper coins as could well be extracted from the pockets of the company. Red Kerchief was none the more popular in consequence. The winner is generally viewed with anything but affection, and, above all, when he adds the offence of mystery, to that of gaining other people's money. Who was this honorary member of the drovers' club? the legitimate constituents of the society began to ask themselves. He had distributed his gin very freehandedly, no doubt, but then what business had he to hold such cards, and to back his luck by such skill? At Blind Hookey, at Van John, at Beggar my Neighbor, at whist, he had won, and won, and won, till they would stake no more, and were half inclined to set upon him, pick a quarrel with him, and pommel him to a jelly. Who was he?

When the train reached London, Red Kerchief's late comrades had still more reason to ask the question, since, without even affecting to "bear a hand" in getting the cattle out of their wagons, utterly regardless of the commands or curses of the foreman, off the travelled man of the tattooed wrists and brown cap went, with a quick step, following in the wake of Mr. Marsh, M. R. C. S.

The surgeon, unencumbered by any luggage more ponderous than his little black bag, was not long in springing into the first cab whose driver would consent to receive a solitary male passenger. But before he could find this compliant of repining Jehu, Mr. Marsh had had to hail the charioteers of some eight or nine hack vehicles, the Phaethons of every one of which, on the look-out for ladies, children, nursemaids, canvas-covered trunks, bird cages, lap-dogs, and rocking-horses, were deaf to his appeals; and this gave time for Red Kerchief to come stealthily up, and, ensconced behind a wooden pillar, to note Mr. Marsh's proceedings. The nose-bag was jerked away from the head of the patient brute in the shafts, the hard reins were gathered up, and with a out of the frayed whip, the horse was set in motion. The cab went off at a slow trot. Red Kerchief set off at a trot too, following the cab.

A good runner was this man, who had been tattooed in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and who had just taken French-leave of his self-imposed duties as a drover. The day was hot, and the London atmosphere oppressively sultry, the heavy air seeming to reek with vapors of every organic origin, and to be at the same time loaded with carbon, and gritty with the powdered granite of the roads. But the pursuer held his own well, keeping the cab constantly in sight, and showing no symptoms of distress. A well-dressed man, running through London streets at such a pace, would have been set down as an escaping pickpocket or ring-snatcher, and even a boy would probably have provoked a cry of "Stop thief!" But such men as Red Kerchief, who have the look of porters, messengers, doers of jobs miscellaneous, henchmen of the London Demos, are privileged to run. The police never thought of inquiring of the swift-footed Ganymede, as he went by, wherefore he hurried thus.

At the corner of Arundel Street, Strand, Mr. Marsh paid off his cab. From habit, rather than from any apprehension, he cast one scrutinising glance around him. Leaning against a post, with his back turned, was a sturdy man in a red neckhandkerchief, dressed in fustian and a cap; you may see a myriad such, any day, in the streets of London. Mr. Marsh went his way, not giving the fustian-clad form a second thought, and Bendigo Bill, looking over his shoulder, watched him as he went.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

There are in Arundel Street, Strand, certain hostelries, holding a medium rank between the hotel and the coffee-house, and the attractions of which, central situation, cheapness, sleepless night-porter, and all, are copiously advertised to the economical public by the help of Bradshaw. One of these is called Grupp's Private Hotel, and to Grupp's Private Hotel Mr. Marsh turned his steps, walking briskly, and whistling a tune the while. Mr. Marsh, albeit unknown, was a welcome guest at the Private Hotel of Grupp, and was immediately made free of the coffee-room, which was small and dingy, and supplied with a yesterday's copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, last week's number of the *Derby Guardian*, a hot waiter, a half-dozen of blue-bottle flies, and any number of cruet-stands, desiccated mustard pots, and dirty table-cloths.

That Grupp, the landlord, was a Derbyshire man, might easily be guessed, not only from his north midland accent, or from his habit of taking in a Derby paper, but because sundry engravings representing Peak scenery and country mansions lying within the compass of the shire, adorned the walls of the bar, the coffee-room, and the landlord's dark little private parlor. There are abundance of such queer outposts of far-away counties to be found in London, places where, if not a Yorkshire man, or Cornish, or Welsh, as the case may be, the uninitiated finds himself looked upon as a foreigner in the metropolis of his native land.

Grupp's was one of these. Hard Ashbourn ale was on draught at Grupp's; and if you had a mind for Derbyshire gossip and scandal, for the last news about the estates that were changing hands, the exhausted old county families that were going out, the fire-new millionaires fast replacing them; the coal, lead, marble, stockings, and other productions of the shire—there were generally inmates of the house who had plenty to say on all these subjects. Oddly enough, although Mr. Marsh had never been at Grupp's before, and although he did not come with any intention of chatting over local topics of the class alluded to, it was a half-understood impulse of local patriotism to which the Private Hotel owed his patronage. He was a Derbyshire man himself, and he had picked out Grupp's name from the advertisement pages of Bradshaw, because it was a name that he had seen over shop-fronts and toll-bars, when he was a boy, in Derbyshire.

Mr. Marsh ordered his dinner, and bespoke a bed. He took up the *Derby Guardian*, while waiting for his mutton-chops, and skimmed its contents, not caring very much for the news, but refreshing his memory with the half-forgotten names of old towns and villages, old inns, country seats, and even old factories, the tall chimneys of which he remembered when he was a lad. Then his chops came, and he ate, and drank, and enjoyed himself, for he was now in very good spirits. He had made fifty pounds that very morning; and he, by no means, considered himself to have no further hold upon the donor. He promised himself faithfully, that William Morgan should either lend him material aid in his great campaign against Lord Ulswater, or that he should pay an additional sum of hush-money to have that little matter of the pistol kept dark. Mr. Marsh, like many birds of the same dark feather, had perhaps an exaggerated idea of the high ransom which wealthy folks are willing enough or weak enough to pay for peace and quietness.

They—Grupp and his staff—were glad enough to entertain the Shelton doctor at the Private Hotel. He was a typical customer, not A1, certainly, but perhaps a third or fourth rate sort of guest. The most valued customers were married clergymen with their wives, come to town for a week's mild dissipation at Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace; married partners in the smaller manufactories, with their wives, attracted by shops and theatres; stout yeomen, with comfortable dames, and a bevy of bright-eyed daughters, who were pretty certain to make their appearance when cattle-shows prevailed. Family custom is the sheet-anchor of an old-established house like Grupp's which had really a good name, more or less merited, in Grupp's native province.

But it would never answer to discourage chance customers and birds of passage, and of these Mr. Marsh appeared a tolerable specimen. There are numbers of nondescript men in black coats, not steady-looking enough for schoolmasters, not hard-handed enough for mechanics, too rusty in their sables to be easily taken for members of the so called liberal professions, but who are perpetually going and coming over the length and breadth of England. A very peculiar race of beings, hangers-on and camp-followers, so to speak, of the great army of the Educated, but who are tolerated at more fastidious caravanserais than Grupp's, so long as they pay their way and behave decorously.

Mr. Marsh complied with both these conditions. He ate his mutton-chops, sipped his half-pint of bad sherry, concluded his meal with strong-smelling Derbyshire cheese and frothing Derbyshire ale, and was as quiet and well-behaved a customer as ever had occupied the coffee-room. His little black bag, after being surreptitiously weighed in the hand, as well as subjected to the ordeal by pinching and poking, was pronounced, both by Mrs. Grupp and the the head-chambermaid, who also held the office of barmaid *in commendam*, to be an honest bag, unballasted with brickbats or other illegitimate make-weights, and altogether such a bag as might be held responsible for the sum of eight shillings at least; and Mrs. Grupp and her female prime-minister had had considerable experience in black bags, and regarded them with just suspicion.

The surgeon's consumption of chops, cheese, ale, and sherry, being fairly within the limits of the eight shillings for which, on the strength of his baggage, he had credit in the Grupp establishment, he would not, on taking up his hat, and preparing to go out, have been asked to pay for his dinner, had he not volunteered to do so. As it was, he called for the waiter, settled the trifling score, bestowed upon the attendant largesse to the amount of sixpence, and then walked out of the Private Hotel, rising very high in his landlady's good opinion by the promptitude of his solvency. Grupp's knew nothing of him. He might be a Sunday-school teacher, or an usher, or an income tax deputy collector, or a begging-letter writer, but he was sober, and a good paymaster, and to be encouraged accordingly.

Mr. Marsh was in no excessive hurry. His goal was, as he knew, very near, and in two minutes, if he pleased, he might be face to face with Mrs. Fletcher. But he took a good deal of time to turn the matter over in his head, and strolled along the steep and dusty pavements of nearly all the short streets that run laterally from the Strand to the river, chewing the cud of his own dark thoughts. What was it that he was about to do? How was he to obtain such a hold upon the *ci-devant* nurse as should render her his bond-slave and instrument? He should have thought of that before; indeed he unquestionably would have done so, but that his brains were usually foggy with liquor, and that his narrow creed of self-interest, a sort of ethical materialism, made him confident that every one had his price, and could be bought by a purchaser sufficiently rich in coin or promises.

The interview with William Morgan that day had set Mr. Marsh's thoughts wandering in a new direction. He had got fifty pounds, true! but then he had been balked of his object. What had the surgeon gained by what he had considered as a master-stroke? He had presented to the M. P. for Oakshire two of the most powerful temptations that can be offered to mortal man—had offered him an opportunity of gratifying at once revenge and love, and lo! the tempter had been repulsed, literally driven away, with a few pounds contemptuously tossed to him, like a bone flung to a dog. In vain he told himself that Morgan was an idiot, a peevish dullard, unfit to do a man's work in the world, or to feel the fire of a man's hate. Something whispered to the surgeon that he had made an egregious mistake in playing the part of Iago so coarsely as he had done.

And if Morgan were thus squeamish, he who had just sustained a great injury and a bitter affront at Lord Ulswater's hands, if he, with the smart and sting of his wrongs and his pain fresh upon him, would not consent to dip his hands in the black waters of conspiracy, was it not possible that those Gloucestershire Carnacs would refuse to listen to the voice of Mr. Marsh, and even show him to the door, should he dare to present himself for the purpose of bargaining with them? It was worth reflecting about, after all. Perhaps, even yet, it might be better to come to terms with Lord Ulswater himself, to wring as much money from him as possible, and to suppress the evidence against him. And yet he was so haughty, so hard, that it would need a great display of threatening forces to drive him into a capitulation. And it was painful to Mr. Marsh, who was a good hater, that, even with clipped wings, Lord Ulswater should go free.

But in any case it was necessary that he, Stephen Marsh, should gain such an influence over the nurse as would make her do his bidding, and he knit his brows into a savage frown as he thought that she too might prove intractable. What did he know of her? He remembered her well—a dark, handsome, very young woman, proud, reserved, and with a sort of subdued fierceness in her down-looking eyes. She was so young, when first he saw her at St. Pagans, that he had been surprised to notice the wedding-ring on her finger, and to hear her spoken of as Mrs. Fletcher. He and she had held but little talk together, and that little was exclusively about the work in hand. Of her previous history, he knew nothing. Something he guessed, but there were no reasonable grounds for his conjecturing more than that Lord Ulswater—John Carnac then—had influence over her of some sort. Was she really married? and if so, was it over the unknown husband, or the wife, that Lord Ulswater's power extended? That was all in doubt.

He had seen her once again, at Belleview House, and by following her, had discovered her present place of abode—he blamed his stars for that lucky chance. But he did not know her exact station in the world, or whether she dwelt alone. Most likely not. She must surely have relations, ties of some kind, in London. What, too, could have been her errand at Clapham, and why had she visited the school kept by his brother, the self-dubbed Dr. Marsh? He was a dolt not to think of that before. He *had* thought of it, in this wise, that he had debated the probability of extracting some information about it from his brother. It was likely that his brother knew something about this Mrs. Fletcher and her relatives; but then the ex-licensed victualler had a great dislike to fraternal visits, as damaging to the respectability of Belleview House, and absorbent of his spare cash; and it would take an infinity of trouble to coax or browbeat any intelligence out of the schoolmaster. He was sure, too, that the mock-doctor knew nothing useful—nothing against Mrs. Fletcher. The school was jealous of its good name. Most probably this young woman had respectable relations, on whose account she had been intrusted with some message or negotiation at the Clapham Academy.

Once or twice, as the surgeon sauntered here and there along the streets leading to the river, he caught a glimpse of a sturdy figure, in fustian, with a brown cap and a red handkerchief, now leaning against a lamp-post or a corner-house, now kicking his heels, literally, at the entrance of a mews or of a coal-yard, but always a good way off, and always lounging idly. But such figures are so plentiful in London, and so many grown-up street Arabs are always hanging about the skirts of every great thoroughfare, ready to hold a horse, to carry a burden, to call a cab, or perhaps to snap up unconsidered trifles, such as pewter tankards and stray lapdogs, that Mr. Marsh paid no regard to the occasional appearance of this one.

At last he made up his mind, and with a brisk business-like tread, he strode over the pavement towards Cecil Street. The exact number of Mrs. Fletcher's abode he did not know; but he had counted the houses from the corner downwards, and was certain to knock at the right door.

"Did you want the drawing-rooms, sir? Mrs. Fletcher's out; but the gentleman's in, as usual," said the bare-armed maid, with a fine perfume of yellow soap about her, who opened the door.

Mr. Marsh stood, puzzled. "The gentleman?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes, Mr. Fletcher."

She had a husband, then, and a husband who did not go out on account, perhaps, of ill-health. That was so much gained, certainly. But Mr. Marsh felt that he could not very conveniently, broach the subject of his projected interview with the wife to the strange husband, who might be young or old, honest or dishonest, a saint or a sinner.

Just then a light female footstep sounded on the flagstones, and Loys Sark came so suddenly up that the recognition was simultaneous.

"Mrs. Fletcher!"

"Doctor!" And the color rose to the dark rounded cheek; and the look which Loys threw at the visitor was not a look of pleasure.

"I have found you out, you see," said the surgeon waggishly.

"Yes, you have found us out," answered Loys in a weary tone; and they stood looking on one another with no friendly scrutiny.

CHAPTER XXXIX

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

There was a great scandal throughout England. The picnic at St. Pagans—the breaking off of the engagement between Flora Hastings and William Morgan—the sudden acceptance of Lord Ulswater's proposals, these were discussed in a hundred thousand households, and bruited abroad by sheaves of newspapers. It was wonderful to note how intense was the interest excited by this affair, and, above all, how keen and strong was the indignation expressed by a large class of the moneyed world. Nor by the moneyed world alone. It was not only the capitalists who were explosively angry at Flora's fickleness, Morgan's wrongs, and what they chose to call the duplicity of Lord Ulswater; thousands of very respectable people, who had never seen the member for Oakshire in their lives, and were not likely to see him, felt as if the injury he had sustained had been done to themselves, and resented it accordingly.

And the great charm and beauty of this loud-spoken indignation was, that it was based simply upon the grounds of William Morgan's exceeding great wealth. Because he was so very rich, it was a shame to jilt him—a shame and an outrage. It was too bad. Many honest Englishmen were as seriously angry with Lord Ulswater as if he had robbed them of their own sweethearts. Had Fortunatus Morgan been poor—a struggling barrister, say, or a government underling, or a captain in a marching regiment—no one would have said a word; but the Croesus of Cramlingham was so very rich that he was viewed through a glorified golden atmosphere, and that every worshipper of Mammon was up in arms to resent the affront offered to a high-priest of the auriferous hierarchy. People who were rich, and people who hoped to be rich, ay, and even some who had hoped, and ceased hoping, but who kept up their antique reverence for the great Diva Pecunia, cried haroo and out upon Lord Ulswater.

The circumstance that especially aggravated the latter's case was allowed to be that he was poor—poor, at least, for a peer of England. He was not going to get a great fortune with his bride—far from it; but that made matters worse. "A wretched business, sir," said old Hunks, the stockbroker, on 'Change, putting his broad thumbs into the arm-holes of his capacious white waistcoat, and distending his mottled cheeks, as if he would fain imitate the bull-frog in the fable: "they'll have the bailiffs in possession at St. Pagans before two years. What a dunce the girl must be! A beggarly lord! I don't believe he's got ten thousand a year, or eight either, and what's that to keep up a title upon! The other men could buy him up, ten times over—ten times over, sir, as I happen to know, and never feel it. Miss Hastings brought her pigs to a bad market, take my word for it." And Mr. Hunks snapped his fingers with a sincere disdain.

There were others who concurred with Mr. Hunks in thinking that Flora might have done better for her own interests in the mart of Hymen, but who began to see the necessity of making the best of the affair as it stood. It was not very pleasant for Mrs. Hastings to be perpetually receiving, and to be compelled to reply to, the written congratulations, condolences, and what not, of numerous intimate enemies whom

she called her very dear friends, and who took up their pens in the hour of her defeat to deal her a succession of those neat little epistolary stabs that women administer so skillfully. The wife of the Right Honorable Robert had not many real friends—not many well-wishers. She had played her cards so well, that when at length she revoked and came to grief, like the veriest tyro, the wicked world laughed at her. She had outgeneralled so many wary old campaigners of the drawing-room, that there were plenty to point the finger of scorn when her own flank was turned at last. But Mrs Hastings took the pen-stabs smilingly, and accepted the fortune of war with philosophical good-breeding. In losing William Morgan for a son-in-law, she had incurred a dreadful loss. Her own and her husband's importance to their political party would have been immensely swollen by the influx of that Pactolus of wealth into the deep and slow flowing river of the long-established family connection. But although it might be doubtful if Flora could ever be so lofully placed in the Belgravian stellar system as Lady Ulswater, as she might easily have been as the wife of William Morgan, Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Right Honorable, and lastly, Lord Cramlingham, it was a position that might be improved. And there is still some lustre about a coronet, even though the gold be thin with age and wear, and the jewels flawed and old-fashioned. The Right Honorable Robert had been brought to reason at last. The blow had been a heavy one, and had added fuel to the fire of his hereditary gout, but he, too, recognized the necessity of submitting with as good a grace as possible to the change in Flora's prospects. "We must grin and bear it," the veteran politician had said in a curt note of reply to his friend Mr. Beckett's epistle of regretful inquiry. It had been hard to bear, for all this written stoicism. How could it be otherwise! In the first place, no man, and least of all a man of the time of life to which Mr. Hastings had attained, cares to be thwarted by his juniors, or to be the victim of a *coup-d état* in his own domestic circle. Secondly, a very promising cobweb of parliamentary and official projects was swept away by the loss of so potent a son-in-law as Morgan. Thirdly, to be talked of, written about, sneered at, on account of a Revolt of the Harem, such as this appeared in the eyes of the Right Honorable Robert, is never very much to the taste of the decorous British placeman. Worst of all, it had been hinted to Mr. Hastings that his great kinsman and chief, head of the cabinet, and leader of the clan, was extremely vexed and chagrined at the awkwardness which had let so large a fish as William Morgan go splash into the water at the moment of capture. He was in parliament for Oakshire, and his borough influence remained to him, but who could say on which side that influence would be exerted. Fortunatus Morgan, with a small following, might as likely as not take refuge in a House of Commons' Cave of Adullam, or rat to the Opposition, and all because Mr. Hastings could not enforce discipline in his own family.

"So much the more need of bringing Ulswater over," the Right Honorable Robert said, more than once, to his true wife. "Have you talked to him?" Yes, certainly, Mrs. Hastings had done that, and very adroitly too. She was one of the last specimens of those female politicians, never so abundant in England as in France, but who formed a fair and formidable phalanx in the Devonshire House that knew Fox and Moira. Women who dabble in politics have the enormous advantage over men that they can say, in a semi-serious way, what men whose occupation is party warfare or official routine cannot say at all. Mrs. Hastings had great hopes of bringing John, Lord Ulswater, to serve under the Treasury flag. As for the future means of the young couple, over these Mr. Hastings bent his shaggy brows many a time, poring over papers and parchments, and rough draughts and leases, and bonds and covenants. Nor was the result of his investigations totally unsatisfactory. The new bridegroom elect was not quite in such needy circumstances as might have been inferred from the contempt of Mr. Hunks and his brethren of the Stock Exchange. He had a good many thousands a year, an income that would have been a large one for a baronet, though it was scanty for a peer. The Carnac estate was of considerable extent, though it had been very ill managed. There were all sorts of leases on lives, copyholds, and so forth, that would fall in by degrees, and Flora's little fortune could not be better employed than in paying off the mortgages that weighed upon many a fair acre. It was not so very bad, after all.

"You are not sorry, Flora? You do not repent?" said Lord Ulswater, half laughing, to his promised wife, who was to have been Mrs. Morgan. No, Flora did not repent; Flora was not sorry. She was not mercenary in the least; and besides, at her age, twelve thousand a year seems very much the same sort of revenue as a hundred and twelve thousand. It is not until we have to pay our own bills that we discover the value of money; and the striplings who write disdainful stanzas against lucre, and the girls who are ready for love in a cottage on nothing annually, with *him*, are more unknowing, perhaps, than truly disinterested. They are like young nuns, renouncing a world that they have never seen. Flora Hastings was of a higher stamp, better, truer, more capable of adhering to a pure and lofty standard of right and wrong, than most of her fair contemporaries of the London ball rooms. The lightness with which she had accepted Lord Ulswater, thus breaking her pledged word to William Morgan, was rather apparent than real. She was not fickle by instinct. She was not easily impressed by the sight of a handsome face, or the sound of a flattering tongue, as some maidens are. It was by the best part of her nature, by her talents undeveloped, her sympathy with all that was bright, and grand, and good, her sincere wish to be of some use in the world, that her new lover had established a hold upon her fancy. Had she married Morgan, she would have done her duty by him. But then there is a great difference between a woman who does her duty towards a husband of other folks choosing for her, and such a noble wife as Miss Hastings could have been.

"I do believe you would, dearest; I believe it," Lord Ulswater said one day, fondly, as she stood beside him in a window, with the sunlight raining glory on her golden hair and the pure oval of her white forehead, as she nestled closely to his side, and clung to his strong arm. She had been telling him a great many things which Mr. Hunks, of the Stock Exchange, and Rhododendron Lodge, Highgate, a "warm" man, a knowing hand, a speculator, rich enough to perform the operation of "buying up" the Carnac family on his own account, had he been so minded, would certainly have called confounded high flown nonsense. They had been talking of the future, of the public life in store for Lord Ulswater, and of the aid, and love, and sweet sympathy with which Flora was to cheer him through a career of wearing struggles for the common weal.

Such a life and such a career she had quite brains enough and quite heart enough to appreciate. Mrs. Hastings, on the other hand, had the brains without the heart. That staunch she-politician did not care a button for dedicating one grain from the great dustheap of human sufferings and wrongs, for lightening men's burdens, and helping the car of civilization to clear the ruts and stones that often clog the way. To wheedle a new member—to convert a red hot Democrat into a safe Moderado—to contrive some compromise that should tell in a division list, all for the honor and emolument of her faction and her family, such were the aims of that honest woman's life. Patriotism with her began and finished at home.

Flora's ideas differed from these as a butterfly differs from a grub. She had a genuine wish to do some good in the world. Many girls have. Such a sentiment helps to send out district visitors, to sow tracts broadcast over the land, to foster the Ragged School, and to divert a good deal of pocket-money from the linendraper's till to the hands of the indigent. But belles of a London season do not undertake to teach poor children, or to read to rheumatic old women. What soup and flannel they give away, must generally be given by the assistance of curates, secretaries of societies and other such almoners. And yet even the petted and adored beauty of a hot, fierce Belgravian campaign cannot be so lapped from the sights and sounds of the squalid world surrounding her splendid ephemeral principality, as to be unaware how very much of preventable evil there is within a stone's throw of the happiest homes.

Flora was not hard-hearted, not flippant, not shallow. She wanted to be good, and to do good. Very likely she would even have been capable of some heroic act of self-sacrifice, had she but seen a means of permanently benefitting those for whom her young heart had ached, now and again, even in the midst of her triumphs. Often had the sight of some haggard hungry face, with bright wistful eyes sharpened by want, spoiled all the pleasures of a fete for her, when she had caught a momentary glimpse of it as the carriage whirled rapidly through the streets.

It was the great charm of John Carnac to her fancy that she deemed him good, and knew him to be possessed of high abilities and a rare courage. Now, goodness is always respectable, but sometimes we find it allied to hopeless dullness, a feeble brain, or perhaps a timid soul, that cannot endure the jostling and press of the battle. Surely it would not be thus with him for whom she had grieved her parents, brought blame upon herself, and wrong William Morgan's heart.

Her hope was that Lord Ulswater would make a great name in the world, and acquire a powerful influence in the councils of England, and that he would use that influence—not for objects of selfish ambition, a yard, for instance, of that priceless blue ribbon, for the sake of which Mrs. Hastings would have let any injustice pass unmended, but for the relief of those who were ready to perish. She trusted that her husband would be a true knight, ready to fight on unmurmuring through the heat of the day, until the dragons of Ignorance, Vice, and Want should be thoroughly worsted and overcome. Utopian, no doubt, but Heaven forbid that such dreams as these should cease, until the cause be removed, and the dragons flesh their fell teeth on human prey no more.

And Flora had been telling him how proud and true a wife she would be to him, how she would cheer him in trouble, and console him in defeat, how she would joy in his victory, when the day of triumph should come—as come it must; and if—for such things, in her crude knowledge of the world, she thought possible—if her champion should be defeated, she would be found faithful to the last, in evil report as in good report. All this Mr. Hunks would perhaps have been justified in describing as confounded high flown nonsense—but Flora meant it. There were times, however, when Miss Hastings was startled by some sudden word or look of the man she loved, dark and strange, and hard to explain. John Carnac had always been famous for the evenness of his temper. He was not one of those mortals at whom we glance anxiously, as at a barometer, to read the signs of a possible storm. But of late, since their engagement, Flora could not but be disturbed at times by a vague fancy that all was not well, that her lover had some hidden care, something to vex him, that he did not choose to share with her.

They had been standing in the window for a long time, and Flora had taken the larger share in the conversation, speaking earnestly, and perhaps a little incoherently, and there were tears, not of sorrow, in her brilliant eyes.

"I do believe you would, dearest," said Lord Ulswater, and then was silent for a space. Presently, he spoke again, in a slow, thoughtful way: "Flora, if, I had been only John Carnac, a poor cadet of our family, and not Lord Ulswater at all, would you have cared for me then?"

Flora looked up, reproachful. "You do not doubt it?" she said.

"It would have been so," her lover went on, in the same tone, "had poor Reginald lived, or had the boy lived?"

"The boy?" She did not immediately remember.

"My little nephew—Guy Carnac. He would have been My Lord, not I, you know," answered Lord Ulswater in a voice that had lost its music. He frowned, and bit his lip, and in the next minute he was the same bright, noble creature as before. But Flora had cause, long after, to remember the words he had used on that day.

CHAPTER XL.

MAKING AN APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Stephen Marsh and Loys Sark stood for a few seconds silent, at the threshold of Mrs. Britton's lodging-house in Cecil Street, Strand, eyeing one another with a distrustful scrutiny. But bare-armed Keziah, redolent of yellow soap, stood holding open the door; and her mouth and eyes, and, for the matter of that, her ears, were open too, since the hardest-worked drudge of a London lodging-house is pretty sure to retain Eve's legacy of eager curiosity intact. The neat, trim-waisted, dark-eyed young woman looked more like Joel than ever as she forced herself to smile upon the intrusive surgeon. "This is very kind, doctor," she said. "You heard where we lived, no doubt, and were good enough to call as you passed by, just to ask how we were getting on, for the sake of old times?" There are some voices that possess an extraordinary power of inflection, and Loys had one of these. In uttering the commonplace words which she selected, and which she spoke with quiet precision, she somehow contrived to convey to the ears of the shrewd doctor a great deal more than reached those of the duller maid-servant. Mr. Marsh understood that he was desired to follow the lead of his former acquaintance, and he complied at once.

"Just so, Mrs.—;" he stammered at this point, but Loys Sark's lips silently shaped the word "Fletcher," and he was reassured. "Just so, Mrs. Fletcher. You are all well, I hope? I shall always be glad to hear of your being well and happy, you know, for the sake of auld lang syne."

Loys thanked him very demurely. Would he do her the honor to walk in? James—Mr. Marsh remembered her husband?—would be very glad to see the doctor. Or, perhaps, if Mr. Marsh were in too great a hurry on that day, he would not forget where his friends the Fletchers lived, should he be passing again.—All this was very plausible, but it was like some dogma of the old Grecian philosophers, and had its esoteric as well as its exoteric meaning. Gaping Keziah of the bare arms and flattering cap represented the profane vulgar, and took the lodger's words literally. Mr. Marsh, as one of the Initiated, knew better.

"I am afraid," he said, arching his bushy eyebrows never so little, "that I have *not* time today to come in and have a chat with your good husband. I am very busy—in town for a day or two—see you again perhaps." He jerked out these last sentences rather awkwardly, for a man is never in private life, so good a comedian as a woman can be. He was half doubtful, too, as to whether Loys were not artfully trying to get rid of him.

Again the lips of Loys Sark shaped a word, the word "Wait," and her eyes flashed imperiously. But she merely dropped the doctor a little old-fashioned curtesy; would be proud—so she said—to see him at any time, and so went in. The bare armed maid closed the door; and the doctor, who had made a reluctant motion of taking off his hat, and had said "Good-bye," perforce, was left fuming on the outside.

"Clever little devil she is!" were the first words that he uttered; and then he added, as a suspicion rose in his mind: "She's mistaken, though, if she thinks to fob me off in that sort of way." And he hesitated as to what course to pursue. She had bidden him to wait. He had seen her scarlet lips form the letters w-a-i-t as distinctly as he could have seen the same letters chalked on a big blackboard in a National School. He must wait.

Ah! but how, and where? To remain at the door was absurd. To pace up and down the street was but a sorry alternative. He was sure to be seen by Mr. Fletcher, whoever he might be, from some window, and by the bare armed maid servant from the area. Had she remembered that? Probably not; and in that case, how was he to surmount the difficulty. He did not like to go out of sight of the house, lest she should think him gone, and be glad to be rid of him; so he lingered, examining the sky as if he were an agent of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade; looking at his watch, not cursorily, but with a steady attention, comparing it with the clock of St. Clement's, which happened to strike the hour just then; and drawing on his glove as slowly as a warrior of the fifteenth century was wont to put on his armor.

Flop! something fell at his feet upon the pavement, evidently thrown from an upper window. He stooped, and picked it up. It was a piece of twisted paper, and it contained only these words: "At the corner of the street. Ten minutes." To the corner of the street Mr. Marsh strolled accordingly, and looked out upon the seething rapid of the Strand, with its rush, and babble, and roar, and the ceaseless chafing of the human tide that beat against the walls of the houses like flowing water against the rocky banks of a river. As for Cecil Street, Mr. Marsh appeared to have that entirely to himself. Not entirely, after all; for away on the shady side of the foot-pavement, a sturdy fellow, with a red rag of handkerchief round his neck, and his brown cap placed so as to shield his upturned face from the buzzing flies and slanting light, was reclining on a door-step.

There was also a queer-looking old man who appeared, now and then, like a straw or floating chip thrown up by the current of hurrying humanity that poured along the Strand. This old man, in his frowsy brown greatcoat, his battered white hat, encircled by a band of crape, that had been black once, but was now burned brown by sun and dust, and with his quaint rat-like face, was just the sort of old man that might be expected suddenly to produce from under his gabardine some dubious stock in trade—sparkling chains, warranted to be of purest gold; smuggled cigars, a toy terrier that would almost go into a pint measure, or a packet of high-colored French prints. A very objectionable old man, but with something plaintive in the expression of his withered face; an old parasite of mighty London, grown gray in the practice of the minor iniquities, and altogether bearing some resemblance to a very venerable rat without a tooth left in its head. This old man would come back every few minutes to the corner of Cecil Street, and would there station himself for a little space behind the orange-stall, as if he were a co-proprietor, almost, with the veteran Irishwoman who sat puffing at her short, black pipe, and keeping watch and ward over her fruit and confectionery. Then he would heave a little sigh, cast his bleared eyes once more down the street, and, drawing the skirts of his unseasonable greatcoat around his shrunken limbs, would toddle briskly away. Mr. Marsh, intent on his own affairs, saw this old man very distinctly with his outward eyes, no doubt, but with the inward perception that is a sense apart, saw him not at all.

Would this tiresome jade never come? Ah! at last. The ten minutes of waiting had grown to be twenty, before Loys Sark came up with a quick elastic tread.

"Now say what you want with me!" she said with a smothered fierceness, as her glittering eyes looked the doctor through and through. Her manner was quite changed from what it had been at the door of the lodging-house, where she was under observation. Now she was herself again—lithe, bold, terrible, a young black she-panther ready to spring upon the hunter.

"Want, Mrs. Fletcher? I want something, you may be sure, or I should not have taken this trouble, seeing that I have come to town for no other purpose than to seek you out, and to speak to you," answered Mr. Marsh, looking round to see if any one were near enough to listen. There were no eavesdroppers, however. The old orange-woman was busy in concluding a bargain with an urchin greedy enough to want six bulls-eyes, quoted from time immemorial at four a penny, for five farthings. And the old fellow in the brown coat had slunk off an instant before Loys reached the spot, as actively as though he had fled from the baleful presence of a policeman.

"Then speak out like a man. Let me know the worst. Did *he* send you?" said Loys, passionately, and her delicate nostrils dilated as she spoke, as if she had been a tigress indeed, lashing herself into fury.

"He! Who, pray? I don't know what you mean," returned the surgeon, with real or affected solidity.

"You do know, you wretch!" she cried out, laying her hand on the doctor's arm; "your master—the fair-faced, fair-spoken devil that you serve—I mean him, and you know it!"

"If you mean Lord Ulswater—" began Mr. Marsh; but she did not give him time to finish the sentence.

"Curses on him and on you!" she broke in, with all the rabid rage of a savage nature sparkling in her beautiful eyes, but with a command over her voice that made its low quivering accents ten times more expressive of hate and wrath than the loudest scream of vulgar anger would have been. "It will not be safe, do you see, to drive us too hard. Dare to own that he sent you, and, as true as there is a heaven above us, and a hell below, I will stab you where you stand!" She opened her shawl a little as she uttered this menace, and Mr. Marsh could see that one of her hands was concealed within its folds, and that there was something bright in that hand, something that glittered like steel.

Mr. Marsh stepped a pace backward in very unfeigned alarm. He was not exactly a coward. At his German university, he had handled the sword with credit in several encounters with rival Burschen; but there is a wonderful difference between the exchange of broadsword or sabre cuts between a brace of well padded students, encouraged by the clamor of their respective backers, and the being stabbed, like a pig beneath the butcher's knife, by a desperate woman. And Loys was really desperate. The peculiar glare of hopeless ferocity that shines in the eyes of a hunted and wounded wild beast driven to bay shone ominously in hers, bright as the weapon she held hidden beneath her shawl. From what he remembered of her, he could not doubt that she was the very woman, out of a million, to keep her word.

"Upon my soul, you mistake me! He did not send me. I hate him and curse him as heartily and as wholly as you can do, Mrs. Fletcher, I do assure you!" eagerly protested the doctor. "I swear to you that he and I are enemies. He does not know I am here."

"And you don't intend any harm to Jem and me?" asked Loys, hesitating, with her eyes searchingly fixed on the face of the Shelton surgeon.

"Indeed, I don't. I want to serve my own ends, and to settle scores with the person you spoke of, and who has ill-used me. And I'll make your fortune, if you'll give me your help," protested Mr. Marsh.

Loys still eyed him with some suspicion. "How did you find me?" she asked sharply.

"I followed you," replied Mr. Marsh with perfect frankness, "that day when, as you may perhaps remember, we met at Clapham, at the school. It suited my plans to have your assistance, if I could obtain it, and so I watched you to your own door."

"And having found me—" the girl began, but stopped abruptly, as a thought seemed to strike her.—"I cannot stay now," she added more gently; "my husband does not know that I have seen you. He will miss me, and I don't choose to tell lies to Jem, nor do I choose to trouble him about this business until I see my own way more plainly than I do now. When can I see you again?"

The doctor rubbed his bony chin meditatively. "If you could manage, after dark, to meet me," he said at length, "at the bottom of Newcastle street, a short walk from here, there are some piles of timber, close to the new coffer-dam in the river. That's a quiet place."

Loys Sark cast another keen glance at the ill-conditioned surgeon. Her brow cleared a little. "Woe to you if you betray Jem!" she said, in a very earnest tone. "I would find you out, if you were at the bottom of the deepest mine in England, and have such a revenge on you as all England should ring with! You don't want to get me out of the way, the better to trap Jem, do you?" Her gaze actually seemed to scorch him, so steady and fierce was it, but he bore it without flinching.

"Deuce take Jem!" he said peevishly; "I tell you I don't know your husband from Adam. It's that St. Pagans affair I want to talk over with you, that's all."

"Then I will meet you at the place you name. James goes out at nine, and will be abroad for an hour. I will be behind the wood-pile at ten minutes past. You must say what you have to say in half-an-hour; I can spare no more time than that."

"To night, then, without fail!" said Mr. Marsh, with a chuckle of exultation.

"To-night, without fail!" answered Loys, and she turned away from him, without further leave-taking, and was gone. There was something sad in her tone, that contrasted oddly with the surgeon's cheery manner of speaking, now that he had carried his point. But Mr. Marsh, who, a few minutes before, had felt by anticipation the deadly coldness of the sharp steel pierce his vitals, now forgot the momentary danger to which, in his supposed character of an emissary of Lord Ulswater's, he had been exposed, and stood snapping his lean fingers triumphantly, and following Loys with his eyes till she arrived at the house she had left, pushed open the door that was almost imperceptibly ajar, and softly closing it after her, went in.

As Mr. Marsh turned to go, his eyes met those of the old fellow in the brown greatcoat, now shambling about once more in proximity to the orange-stall, and who must have seen the parting between Mrs. Fletcher and himself. Also he observed that the lazy lounger with the red handkerchief round his neck, far down Cecil street, was beginning to get up, in sluggish fashion, from his couch on the doorstep. But what were the movements of these two unknown persons, waifs and strays on the boiling tide of London life, to him? He forgot them; and, after a stroll along the Strand, went back to Grupp's.

To judge by appearances is proverbially dangerous, but proverbs warn in vain. Wherever Mr. Marsh went, the stout man in fustian, with the red handkerchief wound about his neck, was sure not to be far off. Did the doctor stop to look into a shop-window, Red Kerchief seemed to prefer the mouth of some court, yard, or blind alley, a few paces off, wherein to rest and chew the ends of straw of which, like other peripatetic philosophers of his class, he seemed to have a never-failing supply. When Mr. Marsh walked on, he, too, pursued his way, always keeping the distance between himself and the surgeon undiminished. And so this one-sided game of Follow-my-leader was carried on until Red Kerchief ran his fox fairly to earth at Grupp's.

The further proceedings of Red Kerchief, during that evening, were of a queer and apparently unmeaning character. He hung patiently about Arundel street and its vicinity, and took a survey of Grupp's from every conceivable point of view, as if he had been a wandering photographer, who thought it would look nicely on a slide. Also he made occasional irruptions into the Strand, contemplating the shop-fronts with the air of one who searched for something hard to be found. Once a gunsmith's stock-in-trade seemed to tempt him; but he only lingered awhile, peering through the plate-glass at the revolvers and sword-sticks, and dirks and poniards; and presently went back for a fresh contemplation of Grupp's.

It was not until the gas had been burning for a long time, that Red Kerchief at last entered a shop. It was an ironmonger's shop, a furnishing ironmonger's, too, and rather a smart and pretentious emporium of hardware; so its ministering sprites did not receive this suspicious-looking customer with too cordial a welcome.

"What can we do for you, my man?" said the burly junior partner, twiddling his gold watch chain.

Red Kerchief, in the least gruff tone of which his gruff voice was capable, asked for a crowbar.

"A ripping-chisel, you mean, eh?" said the shopkeeper tartly.

Red Kerchief begged pardon. "No offence, master," he said; "it *is* a ripping-chisel I want."

"Because crowbars, you know, are an ugly-sounding sort of goods for a man like you to look for at an establishment like ours," explained the ironmonger. However, Red Kerchief was supplied with a ripping-chisel, of tough steel, short, so as to be easily carried beneath a coat or jacket; strong, sharp at its broad point, heavy; and so like a very superior crowbar in its qualities and general appearance, that no one not in the secret would ever have detected the difference. In fact, a crowbar it was. But as a ripping-chisel, Red Kerchief bought it and paid for it, and put it under the shelter of his fustian coat, and went away, tramping over the gaslit flagstones.

"That chap's up to no good," whispered one of the black-aproned young men to another ministering sprite of ironmongery, also in a black apron. He would have been startled had he known with what truth he spoke. Bendigo Bill crept back to Arundel street, and watched Grupp's door with the hungry patience with which a cat watches for a mouse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMERICAN FEET.—The New York Hide and Leather Journal notices a few of the differences in the shape of the pedal extremities of people in various sections of the country. Shoes made for one locality are not adapted for all. For instance, a broad shoe, wide in the shank, is best adapted to the Eastern trade, a narrow shoe meeting with but little favor. Rhode Island, though the smallest State in the Union, can boast of some of the biggest feet that ever trod sole leather. The Middle states require slimmer shoes and higher in the instep than in the East. The instep grows higher as we progress southward, commencing with Virginia, and the foot shorter and more plump. Rarely at the North does a full grown man wear less than a No. 6, running up in the scale of sizes to No. 11, but at the South many a full sized man wears 4s and 5s, and seldom over 9s. The ladies of the South, adds the Charleston Courier, have confessedly always had the smallest and prettiest feet of any race in the world.

FREEMAN, on his march toward Atlanta, constantly astonished the rebels by the facility with which he restored the railroad bridges they destroyed at his approach. They would annihilate a bridge just before he arrived, and the next morning there it was again, just as it had been before they touched it. At last a light dawned upon them. The original plans for the bridges had all been furnished from Cleveland, Ohio, and before Sherman started he took these plans, had each bridge duplicated in all its timbers and iron work, took the pieces in a "shook" state on his train, and so, when he found a bridge gone, he had nothing to do but get its mate out of the freight cars, bolt it together, and put it up. This thing worried the rebels a good deal when they found it out. One day they proposed to destroy the Dalton tunnel, to hinder Sherman's march, but an exasperated Confederate said:—"What in the nation's the use? That blamed old Sherman probably fetched another one along with him from Cleveland!"

INTERESTING TO WINE DRINKERS.—People who have a taste for sherry wine, in the United States, ought to know what the exporters of it say to the American consul at Cadiz, in order to account for invoicing it at such low rates. "They smilingly explained," says the account, "that the stuff sent to the United States was not sherry at all, but merely *slops* used to wash out the tubs and for other dirty work about the stills." This will be cheerful intelligence to drinkers of "golden sherry," of "Amontillado," and similar "slops" imported under "golden" and other poetic titles.

☞ A good story is told of the St. Paul's Pioneer. They have lately had an Editorial Convention in that section, and a number of radical editors visited the Pioneer's sanctum, and, sitting down to the desks, scratched off partisan editorials, squibs, etc., which were forthwith sent up to the compositors' room. Nothing but the quick eye of the editor-in-chief could have prevented that democratic paper from issuing one thorough-going republican number.

☞ The Boston Journal says that a few mornings since a merchant was seen walking down Milk street, apparently in great haste to reach his store. A neighbor shouted at him as he passed, inquiring if he expected to find a customer waiting for him. "Oh, no," replied the merchant, "haven't seen one for a week; but you know there are three partners in our concern, and as there are only two chairs in the counting-room I want to be on hand to secure one."

☞ The proudest man, as well as the greatest, will stoop to a flower.

A Benevolent Minister.

Not long since a small boy in very dilapidated clothing called at the residence of Rev. Mr. B., and asked for something to eat. The servant who came to the door asked the minister what she should give him, when he pointed to a pile of bread, that was very hard and stale. "Give him some of that." The servant did so, and as the boy was going away chewing on the crust of bread the minister called out, "Bridget, send that little boy here." The little fellow went into the dining-room, where the minister and his family were about sitting down to dinner, and was staring at the eatables on the table, when the dominie said, "My little man, did you ever go to Sunday-school?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever learn to pray?" again asked the minister.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Come here, and I will teach you."

The boy went up to the minister, when he commenced—

"You must say just as I do, Our Father"—

"Your Father," said the boy.

"No, no; you must say, 'Our Father.'"

"Your Father," again said the boy.

"Will you never learn?" said the minister. "You must say 'Our Father.'"

"Is it our Father—your Father—my Father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile, and then commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs—

"You say that your Father is my Father, yet you aren't ashamed to give your little Brother such stuff as this to eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself."

The minister looked astonished, and although it hurt his feelings, asked the little fellow to sit down and take dinner with him.

MATRIMONIAL.—A funny matrimonial affair recently occurred near Spirit Lake, Minn. A green justice married three couples in one batch, and about four weeks afterward discovered that a license from the Clerk of the Court was necessary to make the ceremony legal, and he lost no time in informing the parties that they were still single, though they had lived together the intervening time. The first couple were willing to risk the consequences; the second consented to be remarried; while the third, having discovered in each other divers and sundry shortcomings refused to have the knot re-tied, being satisfied with one month of matrimony, and glad to revert to single-blessedness.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.—It is very seldom that any business furnishes so good an example of true enterprise as the manufacture of the above celebrated instrument, conducted by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, Mass. It seems but as yesterday that the mention of a reed instrument suggested naught but snarling, fine-tooth comb music, and yet such a vast improvement has been made that the quality of tone is now hardly recognizable as coming from a reed. If our musical readers will personally examine it, they will agree with us, that the Cabinet Organ will fully bear out all that is said of it.—*Louisville Journal.*

A NOVEL SUIT.—A Milwaukeean has sued a young married woman, who had received his attentions while engaged to some one else, for a bill of $104 25, the amount he had paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides and ice-cream saloons. As an offset he credited her with sundry kisses, valued at $16 37½; several squeezes of the hand, $3 37½; an unreturned photograph and a ring—making a total of $37 75. He recovered the bill, the judge allowing the plaintiff the kisses at his own valuation. The case is to be carried up.

☞ The collections of Internal Revenue in New York city for the past year, were $8,500,000 less than for the preceding year.

☞ The rates of through fare upon the Erie Railroad have been greatly reduced. The fare to Buffalo (formerly $9,45,) is now but $6 75; to Dunkirk $8; to Salamanca, $7,25, and to Rochester, $5 40.

☞ A foreign surgeon, having discovered that petroleum is a cure for the itch, the New York World thinks it has certainly proved a cure for an itching to speculate.

☞ A Washington druggist was recently arrested for selling soda water on Sunday. Several physicians testified that it was a medicine, and the case was dismissed.

☞ A PERSONAL PARAGRAPH.—A Paris paper relates that a few evenings since two gentlemen were slowly walking down the Boulevards, and remarked a poor little sleeping child at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard des Capucines. One of the young men softly approached the child, and, without awakening him, slipped a gold piece within the pocket of his tattered waistcoat. This charitable *flaneur* was the crown prince of Prussia.

☞ THE REVENUE CUTTER.—The latest style of bonnet has just made its appearance. It is called the "Revenue Cutter," and consists of a two-cent internal revenue stamp, worn on the head and tied under each ear with a horse hair. It presents a very pretty appearance at a distance, and must be very comfortable at this season of the year.

☞ A Frankfort correspondent writes that: "In America everybody runs as if chasing a rolling dollar, but here every Dutch, Belgian or German, as if he had caught it or given up the chase, and made up his mind to be happy with the small change in his pocket."

☞ In Congress recently, Mr. Scofield sent up to the clerk's desk and had read a letter, from Professor Agassiz, characterising as a villainous calumny the newspaper paragraphs attributing certain views to him in reference to the negro race. We copied the article in question from the Home Journal, and supposed it to be correct.

☞ Brown sheetings which sold June 22 1865, at 32 cents, and June 22, 1866 at 26 cents, were selling in New York June 22, 1867, at 18 cents.

☞ A mass convention is to be held at Janesville, Wis., on the 18th of July, for the purpose of effecting an organization whose object shall be the securing to women the power to vote in that state. The vote of the people on the question is not to be taken until next year.

☞ The believers in the approaching millennium are now at Warehouse Point, Connecticut, anxiously waiting to go up. The understanding is, that unless the present attempt is successful, there will not be another opportunity for two thousand years.

From the Methodist, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment, it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached its eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises—never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfill their engagements, are fully established. Upon these principles we call attention to the advertisement of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, published in our advertising columns. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most serviceable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the last five or six years. They have but *one price*, which is no small consideration to those who are dependent to any considerable degree upon servants or children to make purchases, or to those who wish to order from the country. By these rules alone the Company propose in the future to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns. It is a trite saying "that the honest strivings of honest men are sure to be commended, their business efforts encouraged and ultimately adequately compensated."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more inquiry for Flour. About 4000 bbls sold at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@9,50 for extra; $10@12,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $13@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues scarce and in good demand. About 2500 bus fair to good old Penna red sold at $2,10@2 75; small lots prime at $3, and 1500 bus California at $3@3,10 ₩ bus. Rye, 2000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,50@1 53 ₩ bus. Corn; sales 20,000 bus prime yellow at $1,14@1,15, and 6 00 bus Western mixed at $1,12@1,15 ₩ bus. Oats; 18,000 bus sold at from 85@90c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS. There is a fair business doing; sales at $22,50@23 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@19c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 14½@15c for pickled do; 9½@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 12½c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at from $17@20 for Western, and $21@25 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter—Small sales are making at 9@15c for roll, and 9½@10c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 12@16c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 25@26c ₩ dozen.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $44 ₩ ton; No 2 at 40@42; and gray forge at $39 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $41@42.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 4@6½c, and Western at 6@6½c. Dried Peaches range at 9@10c for halves; 7@8c for quarters and 22@26c for pared.

WOOL—The market continues dull. About 100,000 lbs sold at 31@33c for unwashed, and 50@55c ₩ lb for fine, according to quality.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6½c ₩ lb. 1800 Hogs sold at from $9@10,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

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628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia. feb2-6m

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Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

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HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	3.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
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ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11 15	"
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PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	6.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.30	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.00	"

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. jel-2m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Gen. Jackson and the "Turtle."

Among the many charges brought by the opponents of General Jackson against him, to prove that he was not fit for the Presidency, was that he was *illiterate*, and this was the honest belief of a great many everywhere.

During his administration a vessel arrived at Norfolk from the West Indies, and on its deck were several sea turtles. Among them was a giant of a reptile, which attracted the attention of every body who went aboard. The captain had taken them on the wharf and exposed them for sale. Among those who admired the huge fellow above-mentioned were several leaders of the "unterrified," four or five of whom made up a purse, bought the monster, and by the next Washington boat sent it up as a present to Old Hickory.

He was much gratified at such a present, and the inmates and visitors of the White House enjoyed a rare treat in the way of "turtle soup" of the most magnificent description.

The general wrote a very polite note, acknowledging the receipt of the present, which was received by Dr. A., who had sent it in the name of himself and his other Democratic friends.

Shortly after the receipt of the general's answer, Dr. A. was hobbling along Main street, and just when nearly in front of Mr. B.'s bookstore he was hailed by anti Jacksonians as follows:—

"Well, doctor, have you heard from the general about your turtle?"

"Yes," answered Dr. A, "and have his reply in my pocket."

"Let's see it! let's see it!" they all cried in a breath.

"Here it is," Dr. A. replied.

He produced the note, and they read:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the very fine *tortoise* you so kindly sent me," etc.

"There," said one of the gentlemen, "we had always heard that your great man could not write English, and now we know it. Who ever heard of a turtle being called a tortoise?"

"Will you take a bet on it?" said A.

"That we will," answered they, "and we will decide the point by going into friend B.'s."

So in they went, and both parties agreed to abide by the definition of a certain dictionary, then the standard of the language. One of them turned over its leaves till he reached the word turtle. The definition was, "A bird of the dove kind," and in the next line, "this word is sometimes used to designate the tortoise found on the shores of the West Indies. It is a corruption used by *sailors and illiterate people*."

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" exclaimed Dr. A. "I know you are not *sailors*, so, by your own authority, you are *illiterate*. Be pleased to pay your debts, and never after this say that General Jackson can't write English."

They did as requested, giving each an order for six bottles of Madeira; and, as they went out of B.'s, a bystander observed that there was in the ear of each a very large fish.

[Note. Either tortoise or turtle is now considered correct; though turtle is generally applied to the sea tortoise.—*Ed. Post.*]

Rules for the Preservation of Health.

1. Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed at night. The attraction of gravitation is always powerful during the nocturnal hours, and it may draw you violently against the pavement and tear your night shirt.

2. Always avoid drafts—on yourself—unless they are endorsed by a man with lots of "soap."

3. In cold weather always wear thick, warm clothing about your body. If you hav'nt money enough to buy it, attend an extinguishable conflagration in the vicinity of a first-class clothing shop.

4. If you wear spectacles avoid going into any firemen's riots that may be transpiring. The reason of this is, that in addition to having your feelings hurt, you will very likely get more glass in your eyes than you had outside.

5. If you are quite a small baby be careful that there are no pins in your clothes, and always take a drink of milk punch out of a bottle with a gum thing on the nozzle, before you get in your cradle.

6. In eating raw oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and are apt to lie on the stomach.

7. Never sleep more than nine in a bed, even at a country hotel where a Democratic convention is being held. It is apt to produce nightmare if any of the party kick in their sleep. This is especially the case when they go to bed with their boots on.

8. Abstain entirely from alcoholic drinks. The best way to do this is not to drink any alcohol.

9. Never travel on the railroad trains. Many persons have died quite unexpectedly by this imprudence.

10. Never jab butcher knives, steel forks, and such things into your vitals; it is very unwholesome.

11. Always come in when it rains, and if a rattlesnake bites you in the leg cut it off, unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg. In that case, just untie and take it off.

I don't say that fellows who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but they wont get choked off in the bloom of their youth and beauty.

By the way, is'nt it odd that as soon as death overtakes us, man *undertakes* us? It is—it is.

The Man Who Ate the Drum.

During the late war, while the Army of Tennessee, under General Johnston, lay encamped near Dalton, the following rich scene occurred: There was a very popular dealer in newspapers there, a perfect Brobdignab in size, rivalling Daniel Lambert in rotundity of stomach. A regiment was there, about to leave for Mobile, and our massive friend had some business to transact with the Colonel. So, puffing and blowing, he came up a few minutes before the train started. As he came up a soldier spied him, and hallooed out: "Boys, here he is." Instantly the whole regiment was on the alert, and about after shout went up—"Here he is, here he is!" Looking dumbfounded, the fat man said: "What's up, gentlemen? What have I done?" "You're the very man that stole our big drum and swallowed it"—went up simultaneously. Struck with surprise, he did not know whether to laugh or get mad, but finally said: "Well, boys, if you'll stay till evening I'll eat you."

THE PICNIC.

Unwelcome attentions, and welcome ones.

AGRICULTURAL.

Talk on Work, Heat and Health.

Workers in the fields—strong men and sturdy boys, toiling beneath a blazing sun, and exposed to rain and chill—let's have a talk together about work and health. Not a *fussy* talk, like a set of fidgety nervous fellows, afraid to stand up square lest some of the inside works give out; but just a word of practical common sense. (Common sense, by the way, is rather uncommon.)

There's a good deal of work to be done in the six months ahead that can't be got round, or pushed aside, unless you like sheriffs and red flags. If the old farm is to be kept, and to gain in value, this work ahead must be met and done up. For three months we shall have some *awful* hot days, with burning sun and sultry air, "muggy," as they used to say, "down East." Thunder storms will come up suddenly, wetting you to the skin, and with raw winds that check perspiration sooner than is healthy; and a damp, chill day, now and then, in between these *scorchers*, to say nothing of fogs and dews. But this work is to be put through, blow high or low, and it's a good plan to start and go on in such fashion as to hold out strong and come through sound and bright.

It may be well to "take an account of stock," as merchants say,—we mean stock of bone and muscle, and nerve, and will-power. Every sensible man knows about what he can do, and not break or weaken his powers; settle that, and then *don't over do*. Many a man (and more boys) just wrecks himself needlessly in ten minutes, and is never the man again he was before. When you feel you are up to your highest mark, *stop;* and stop before you get there, save in rare emergencies. It's well to feel that you have a reserve force, and could "let out another link."

Look out for the sun. He's a fiery fellow, and sometimes when your system may lack positiveness from overwork, he'll send a hot shaft right through you. Don't be careless or foolhardy, that's all. The "boys in blue" all say that the best soldiers took no useless risks, and were therefore fresh and right when the sharp work was to be done.

If you have a feeling come over you that the heat is *going through*, take to the shade, without any foolish shame, for the hardiest sometimes falter, and far better one hour's care than months or years of weakness from sunstroke—*coup de soleil*, as the French say. Keep a firm will, for that has great power over the body; and keep the system in a positive condition, with an overplus of vital force to meet and master heat, or cold, or work, by rational care in your habits: but, when you feel that the vital forces are too weak, or too much taxed, yield for the moment and recuperate.

Don't drink too much, no matter what it is, but rather a little, often, slow, rinsing the mouth well. Be careful about ice-water. Some ginger and sugar or molasses is good in your water. Home-brewed ale of the best sort may help. As for spirits, it's too fiery, in whatever shape, gets up too much fever, too high pressure and makes the boiler burst. We've worked in hay fields when sealing wax would be soft as putty, and mowed away hay under the barn roof where it was hotter than any spot on this earth, and went through it without the *ardent*.

Beware of getting hot and tired and standing in a chill draft of air, especially if it comes on your back. That heat and work has loosened your vitality, and put you in negative condition, so that outer forces control you easier, perspiration is checked and sad mischief done before you think. Keep your face to the wind when you stop to rest, for the resistant vital forces emanate from the front more than the rear, and he is a wise as well as a brave man who faces exposure as well as danger.

Don't bolt a hearty meal in hot haste and rush out to your work, but get a little rested, then eat moderately, yet enough, and go to work fresh. Dyspepsia and its kindred horrors come often from eating full meals with the system overtaxed and heated, and no vital power left for digestion. Keep cool; the more to be done the more need of self-possession, that you may be master of the situation.

Don't eat heaps of meat and drink gallons of rank coffee and strong tea, with a blind notion that you must have hearty food. Your bread or beans, pound for pound, has more nutriment than your beef, and the water don't clog up the system like this black coffee, or rack the nerves like strong tea.

Meat has more stimulus than bread, and a share of this is well, but not in excess. Eat meat, vegetables, fruits, &c., and drink moderately. Keep the system open and all evacuations easy and natural, and save fevers and congestions. Take less meat in very hot weather. Judge for yourselves, but keep all firm, and trim, and cool, and open, in the internal department, and you'll be fit for a good, long pull.

Bathe often, *but never when hot or tired*. At night a hand-bath all over, if not too tired, and in the morning you are fresh, and it is always safe. It helps greatly through the heated season.

All this, and much more in the same way that you will all think of, can be done, and avoided, sensibly, quietly, and without fidgeting, and rely on it, will help through all the exposure, make work a welcome task, and land most of you, strong in body and clear in mind, on the cool edge of next winter's snow banks.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Manufacture of Sparkling Wine.

In the manufacture of Sparkling Wines a small quantity of rock candy or syrup is always added in bottling, which is done in the spring succeeding the first fermentation, for the purpose of accelerating the second, and developing the excess of carbonic acid gas which causes their life and sparkle. The bottles are then packed away on their sides in the cellar, for nearly a year's repose, by the end of which time the wine has deposited the sediment resulting from its fermentation, and is entirely clear. The bottles are then put *on point*, as it is called—standing at an angle of about 45 deg., in racks made for the purpose—being handled very gently to avoid disturbance of their contents. While on these racks each bottle is turned partly around each day, with a peculiar sharp *jar*, which disengages the sediment, so that after several weeks in this position, it finally gravitates wholly upon the cork. *Disgorgement* then comes on, which consists in the *blowing off* of sediment and cork—the operator aiding in the process by a sort of jerk, which discharges the dregs, while not an unnecessary drop of wine is allowed to follow. The bottles are now re-corked, with new corks of the very best quality, being nearly double the diameter of the bottle neck, into which they are pressed by a machine introduced for the purpose within a few years from France. The cost of these corks is now a fraction over 6 cents each. After use, notwithstanding their long compression, their elasticity is such that they resume their old size. The corks first used, and blown out in disgorging, are of an inferior kind, and are sold to be soaked and re-cut into smaller sizes for other purposes. The corking machine referred to, at the same operation, adds a small amount of syrup to meet the tastes of consumers.

The loss in making sparkling wine, arising from the bursting of bottles during fermentation, will average about ten per cent. It requires very nice judgment to secure just the right medium between too great and too little explosive power, but there has been less trouble in this respect of late than during the earlier years of the undertaking.—*Country Gentleman.*

Agricultural Items.

AIR slacked lime sprinkled over currant bushes will prove a perfect preventive to the ravages of the currant worm. So says a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker.

AFTER the Solons of the New York Farmers' Club had gravely decided, at a recent debate, that the only practical means of protecting fruit from the fatal sting of the curculio was to jar them upon sheets and destroy them piecemeal, Mr. Robinson said: "Nothing but thunder and lightning would jar my apple trees, for they are fifty feet high. Nor could I hire help enough for $200 to catch the curculios among the thick grass, $100 worth of which would be destroyed; but even if I should go into all this business, I do not see what good it would do, for they would come from my neighbor's trees, and then where would I be?"

ONE of the great English landlords that own whole neighborhoods and villages, and who has employed steam ploughs for seven years, stated at a late public meeting that he finds that the men who are connected with the steam plough, have become a species of aristocracy among their fellows, that they pride themselves on their position, and are educating their sons for the same profession. Hence he calls attention to the fact that steam is to effect a revolution in the habits, manners, and morals of the people, as well as in the tillage of the land.

WHITEWASH, as ordinarily made, rubs off the walls after it becomes dry, soiling clothes and everything coming in contact with it. This may be obviated, it is said, by slacking the lime in boiling water, stirring it meanwhile, and then applying, after dissolving in water, white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in the proportion of four pounds to a barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. A pound of white salt should be thrown into it.

AT a recent meeting of the Little Falls Farmers' Club, Geo. W. Davis gave the results of a comparison of cost of making cheese at factories and in private dairies. The calculation was based on thirty cows, and the result was as $271.00 to $225.60—or $45.40 in favor of the factory in point of cost of making. In marketing, the factory made cheese had an advantage of from one to two cents per pound.

AT a sheep shearing festival in Genesee county, N. Y., it was stated that the sheep of that section will shear double the cleansed wool in 1867, that they did in 1830—a gain unparalleled in any other department of farming.

BOYS that ride horses to plough corn are advised by the *Maine Farmer* to remember that a horse does nearly all the stepping when he turns with the fore feet. He makes use of the hind feet chiefly as a pivot. Now just take care of his fore feet and keep them away from the hills and pay no attention to his hind feet and you will succeed nicely.

THE Belfast Journal tells the following story: "A gentleman of this city, during planting season, coming into his grounds one morning, observed the gardener engaged in dropping corn in a long drill across the garden. Straddling the drill, basket in hand, the absorbed Hibernian, moved slowly along, intent only on his occupation. Close behind him stalked the immense Shanghae rooster of a neighbor, accommodating his pace to that of the corn dispenser, and carefully picking up every grain as he went! The disgust of the gardener as he took his hoe and prepared to cover the corn that wasn't there, may be imagined, but can't be described."

VALUE OF GRASS LAND.—The time has not yet come when farmers appreciate, as they should, the value of grass. Every year dairy products are becoming dearer, because the grass region is limited, and only a few years, will be required to give any farm natural for grass a value which now would be thought excessive. If I wished to buy a farm for my posterity, which would continually increase in value, I certainly should choose it in the region of grass. For I do know that during the course of one's life, a grass farm will bring more money and comfort and with less work than any other farm, whether on the Sciota, the Wabash, or the Mississippi bottoms, nor can a farm of equal value be selected and made anywhere within the belt formed by the tropics, the whole world around.—*N. C. M., in N. Y. Tribune.*

RECEIPTS.

VEAL IN BLANQUETTE.—Cut veal in small pieces. Say from the neck and breast, three pounds. Soak in cold water, fifteen to thirty minutes. Put it in a saucepan, and cover it with cold water. Boil. Skim the scum. Add two whole onions with a clove to each; then two stalks of parsley, one of thyme, and a small bay leaf, tied together in a little bunch; add salt.

Mix well in a bowl a teaspoonful of butter, one of flour. Take a little of the veal water, and mix in so as to melt the butter and mix the flour. Then turn it into the saucepan and simmer.

Just before serving, a few drops of lemon juice may be added. Also a yolk of egg mixed in a bowl with some of the gravy. Your dish is then ready.

POTTED LOBSTER.—Boil the lobsters yourself. Choose hens in preference, on account of the spawn. When the lobsters are cold, pick out all the parts that are eatable. Beat the flesh in a mortar, seasoning it with salt and a mixture of Jamaica pepper, mace, and nutmeg finely powdered. As you beat and mix it, incorporate with the paste a small quantity of clarified butter. Press the meat strongly into the potting pots, and pour over it hot clarified butter. Lobsters may also be potted by putting into the pots lumps of the meat, and pounding only the spawn, and filling up with clarified butter.

POTTED CRAWFISH.—Get some of the largest sea crawfish, hens in preference, and proceed as directed for the lobsters. The meat being tougher than that of the lobster, they require more boiling and more pounding.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Allow for every gallon of juice eight pounds of sugar and eight quarts of water. Ferment as other wines.

FRENCH CHERRY WINE.—Bruise, and extract the juice after heating to boiling heat, fifteen pounds of cherries, and two of red currants; add two-thirds of the kernels to each gallon of juice, with two pounds of sugar; cover the bung with cloth while fermenting. The cask should be as full of the mixture as possible without running over in fermenting. Bottle in two months if convenient; if not, close the bung, and leave the barrel undisturbed.

MULBERRY WINE.—Bruise the mulberries before they are quite ripe; add as many gallons of soft water as there is fruit; let it stand over night, then press out the juice, and to every gallon of liquor allow three pounds of sugar. Ferment in the usual manner.

RHUBARB WINE.—Take the green stalks or stems of the rhubarb plant, and bruise them, in a mortar or otherwise, to a pulp. Put this into an open tub, and to five pounds of pulp add one gallon of cold spring water. Let it infuse three days, stirring it frequently; on the fourth day, strain off the liquor, and to each gallon add three pounds of loaf-sugar; stir it until the sugar be dissolved, and there will be formed a crust, or head, which should be skimmed off. Put the clear wine into a cask, but do not stop it down. If it begins to ferment, rack it into another cask; in about a fortnight, stop it down, and let it remain for six months, when it should be racked, and again stopped down; but if the wine should have lost any of its original sweetness, add a sufficient quantity of loaf-sugar, and stop it down; taking care, in all cases, that the cask be full. In a month, or six weeks, it will be fit to bottle.

ORANGE JAM.—Get the clearest Seville oranges you can, cut them in halves, and clear the pulp and juice from peel and seeds. Boil the peel in hard water until it is quite tender, changing the water two or three times while it is boiling; pound it in a mortar, and add it to the fruit. Put the fruit, juice, and peel all together in a preserving-pan, with double its weight of sugar. Let it cook over a slow fire for half an hour, and then put it in the preserve-pots; cover it with brandy paper, and tie it down close.

VERY RICH, SHORT, CRUST FOR TARTS.—Break lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter into eight of flour; add a dessertspoonful of pounded sugar and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes to blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible. Flour, 8oz; butter, 6oz; pounded sugar, 1 dessertspoonful; water, 1 to 2 spoonfuls.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs, one cup of milk, saleratus, one gill of liquor.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 13, 51, 22, 42, 3, 8, was the friend of Telemachus.
My 52, 14, 9, 46, 43, is what children like.
My 17, 29, 33, 20, 55, was the maiden whose abduction caused the siege of Troy.
My 19, 31, 48, 26, is a meat.
My 34, 41, 10, 44, 39, was an empress in Constantinople.
My 53, 30, 49, 41, 18, is a city in Europe.
My 37, 11, 47, 4, 36, was the famous lawgiver of Greece.
My 8, 27, 6, 38, 56, is a city in Asia.
My 2, 50, 41, 35, 12, 5, 50, 28, 16, 15, were a body of French revolutionists.
My 40, 45, 43, is a girl's name.
My 1, 9, 25, 3, 44, 54, 7, 42, 21, were the Grecian heroes who went in quest of the golden fleece.
My 24, 18, 46, is a city in Asia.
My 27, 23, 32, is a body of water.
My whole is an old saying.

Danbury, Ct. "WATERFALL."

Charade.

My first, what is't? You tread it under foot;
You do it when you weary are and faint;
You raise it up aloft to guide and cheer,
Oft painted with devices, old and quaint.
My next, unpleasant to the well-trained mind,
In low conventicles is often heard;
Mistaken oft for learning and sound sense,
And oft, by minds untutored, e'en preferred.
What is my whole? An epithet alone
To crimes applied, which nought can well atone.

BIBLIOPHILUS.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the states.
A group of islands west of Scotland.
A country.
An isthmus.
A river in North America.
The capitol of one of the states.
A river in Africa.
A lake in South America.
One of the grand divisions.
A city of Europe.
A river in Asia.
A group of islands southeast of South America.
A country in Europe.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A country in South America.
A cape.
A lake in Russia.
A river in Canada East.
A town in New York.
A country in Asia.
An island south of Australia.

My initials form the title of a story published in the Post last year.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Arithmetical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a fourth of your money you give unto me,
Said A, with a smile, to B and to C,
With a thousand bright dollars I then should be blessed,
'Twould pay off my debts and set me at rest.
Said B to A, C, I plainly behold,
If a fifth of your cash in my pocket were told,
The same sum of dollars my pocket would grace,
And a satisfied smile enliven my face.
If a sixth of your sums were added to mine,
Said C to B, A, I would not repine,
For the same sum of dollars I then should behold,
Each time I approach my purse to unfold.
Ye lads who with learning and genius are blessed,
Tell the number of dollars each man did possess;
With a heart full of friendship I'll give you my hand,
And say that Position you well understand.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Conundrums.

☞ What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? Ans.—A sponge.

☞ Why do people speak about feeling doubts in their own mind? Ans.—Where else could they be expected to feel them?

☞ What man is always joking? Ans.—Why, Joe King, of course.

☞ "Sam, why am members of Congress like de fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subjec', Pomp." "Why don't you see, nigga, day's so fond ob debate."

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The good alone are great." DOUBLE REBUS—Lesbos, Sappho. (Linnæus, Emma, sap, Bo-peep, ob, sago,) RIDDLE—"Richard the Third."

Theatrical Anecdotes.

Mdlle. Chaumont was playing a *soubrette* in "Nos Gens," and was engaged running to and fro to collect and burn the presents of various old lovers. In the very middle of her action she was impeded by her petticoat suddenly falling about her legs. Of course it was a very pretty article of its sort, and she got out of it, and of the embarrassment which had come with it, by describing it as a tribute of admiration from one of her old admirers, which must be sacrificed like all the rest; and she thrust it into the stage-fire accordingly, with a merry laugh, and amid the general hilarity of the house.

Among the traits of stupidity put to the account of actors, there is none that is supposed to convey greater proof of absurdity than that which distinguished the actor who originally represented Lord Burghley in "The Critic." The hero of this story was Irish Moody. Lord Burghley has nothing to say, merely to sit awhile, and then, as the stage directions informed him, "Lord Burghley comes forward, pauses near Dangle, shakes his head and exit." The actor thoroughly understood the direction, he said, and could not err. At night he *came* forward, *did* pass near Dangle, shook his (Dangle's) head, and went solemnly off!

☞ You may judge pretty well as to a woman's secret faults, by observing what she condemns most fiercely in others.